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Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1679 MAR. 26, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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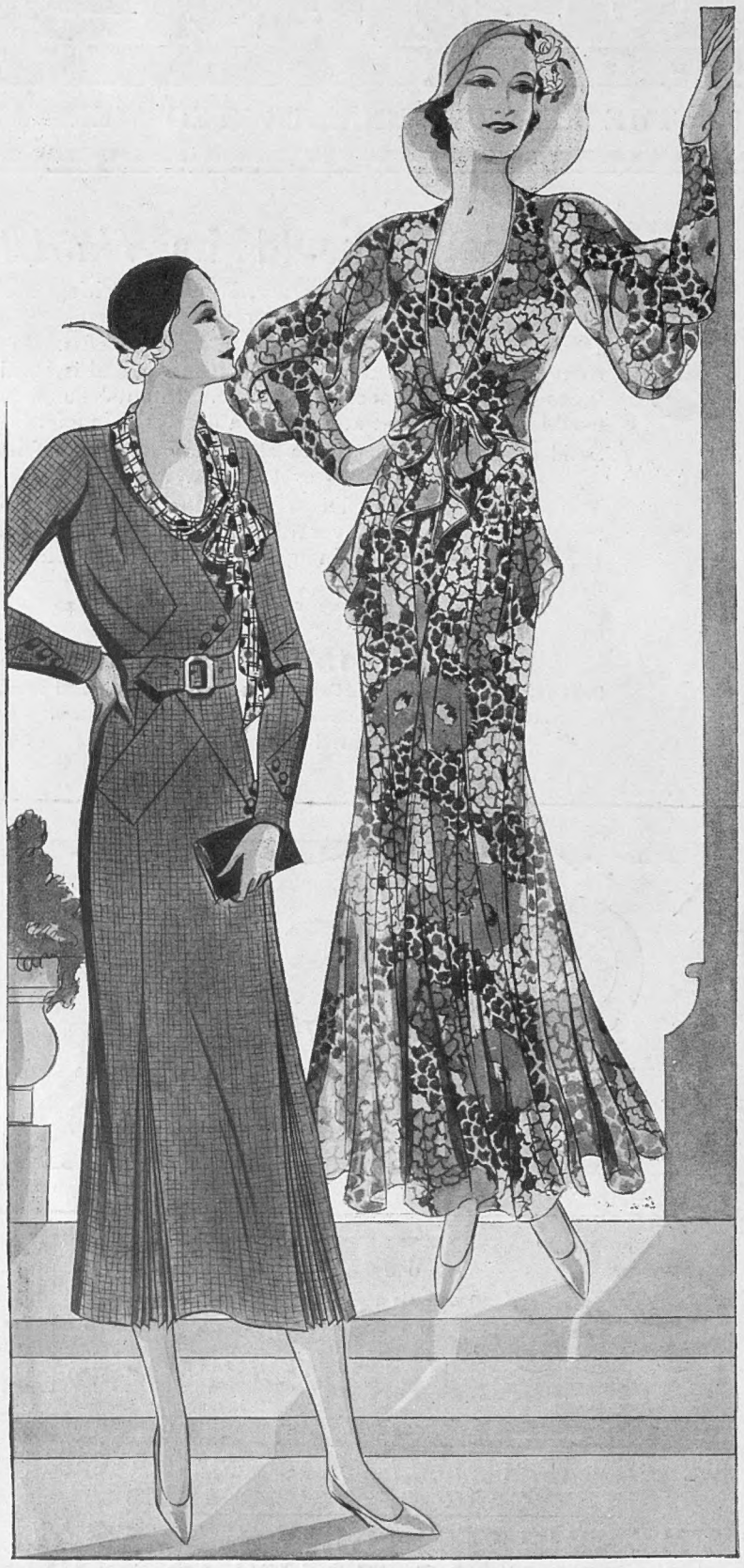

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 26, 1932

CHINA BUILT IN AMERICA

The "Shanghai Express" in an American Goods Yard

One of the cinematographic sensations of the year is, unquestionably, *Shanghai Express*, which, starring Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook, is now running in London. The brilliant realism which the producer, Josef von Sternberg, the husband of Marlene Dietrich, has put on the screen, renders it almost incredible that the scenes were not "shot" in Cathay. An entire Chinese village was erected at Chatsworth, near Los Angeles, and in no particular has the *vraisemblance* failed to maintain itself—a surprising achievement for any film—more especially one from America! The story deals with the arrest of a revolutionary officer and his rescue by the revolutionary general who holds up the train which gives its name to the picture

A London New

SPRING COMES TO THE CITY: The gay, patterned parterre in Regent's Park. Despite the long drought, the croci are still flourishing and agriculture and horticulture generally are doing well

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 23, 1932.

OTTAWA AND LAUSANNE.

—Nothing indicates so clearly that England at any rate regards the day of Village Pump politics as dead, as the generous contribution from the Government of representatives to the Conferences of Ottawa, Lausanne, and Geneva, all of which may overlap and occupy vital parliamentary weeks during the summer. We shall actually have only four members of the Cabinet available in the House of Commons in June. If Britain is to put her house in order, it must be achieved in Europe and in the wider field of Empire. It is very significant. The big guns are all earmarked and labelled. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain (who are both jam to Canadians) will go to Ottawa, and Canada is much more pleased with the choice on the score of their personalities than of their positions. Mr. Baldwin strikes the Canadians as very much a man and a brother and they appreciate Mr. Chamberlain's soundness, knowledge, and lack of pretensions also. I don't know how it is at Geneva and Lausanne, but I do know that in Canada and the Empire the personality of representatives from the Old Country influences results and achieves understanding far, far more than brains, ability, and position. It was long before this truth was officially recognized. I think Lord Byng's Governor-Generalship did much to drive it home.

LLOYD GEORGE—FOUR VOICES.

—In the space of twenty-five years I have seen Mr. Lloyd George in four phases. The first—he was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a prophet, an iconoclast of the bad and decaying institutions of a rotten and time-worn system, a rising teacher who promised a millennium to those who followed his advice. And next the voice of authority. The prophet had become dictator and law giver. He had his great chance to produce his millennium. Nations hung on his words. His word was law and he gave us the Peace of Versailles. The third phase. He was a voice in the wilderness again, waging a guerilla warfare against the party in power. What he said was always mischievous, always sure to add to the embarrassment of government, to stir up trouble, but because he was always amusing and stimulating, we tolerated and even enjoyed his invective. And now the last phase. Still (and for ever) in the wilderness, his voice once more seeks to stir up bitterness and trouble, class-and-party-hatred—but all the wit, all the humour, is gone out of his periods and only stagnant poison remains. And because for a space the Nation is sick to death of party squabbling and the old politics and diplomacy, his voice is no longer listened to. We shrug, or shudder, or feel nauseated, and we pass on. The man who made himself a master of invective can no longer say Bo! to a goose. The pointed rapier has a button of sour dough. A Nation which for a brief space is thinking nationally, thinking patriotically, has no use for an embittered and impotent party demagogue.

EASTER.

—I admit a particular affection for the Easter Holidays. They rank first with me as with the Calendar. Every symbol of Easter is a symbol of Re-birth, a fresh start. That of course accounts for Easter eggs. Easter is the first holiday of the year, the first outing after the long, dark winter months. It signalizes the return to fresh air and the open road (though sometimes, when it falls too early, a question of £ s. d. interferes with the return to the road of thousands of laid-up cars and motor-bicycles). Easter, moreover, is usually much better behaved than her fairer rivals, Whitsun and August Bank Holiday. I trust Easter (despite three months of recent drought and sunshine); I distrust Whitsun, and I abominate the August horror. At Easter, whenever it fall, my grey flannel trousers come out again, so does my lawn mower and my tennis racquet. And I wear my newly-bought tie on Easter Sunday—it is about the only article of dress I shall have bought in a twelve-month—and look about for primroses in the afternoon. For Easter deserves consideration, It opens the door to that major part of the year when life's handicaps lose much of their weight and, with average luck, existence can become generally tolerable, easy, and even pleasant.

A FIXED EASTER.

—A very topical debate in the House of Lords before the recess elicited the fact that the only obstacle to implementing the Fixed Easter Act of 1928 was the attitude of the Vatican. The Act of 1928 established a fixed date for Easter on the Sunday following the second Saturday in April, a date which every lover of the country must approve. Apart from the Vatican, the institutions of civilization are practically solid for putting the Act in force at once. Industrial, commercial, judicial, and educational interests are unanimous. Ecclesiastical interests see no objection on grounds of principle or dogma. The orthodox Church favours it. Over eighty churches or federations throughout the world have cordially consented. The Church of England, however, accepts the necessity for the Roman Catholics, largest of Christian communions, to come into line before action is taken. That happy condition now depends on the favourable advice of the Ecumenical Council, and the Ecumenical Council is a slow mover and not markedly elastic. I should say that a stabilized Easter is not on the immediate horizon. I relegate it with the Channel Tunnel and Utopia.

BALANCED.

—We can enjoy our Easter holidays (if the weather permits) in the sure knowledge that the first political event of importance, after it is over, will be highly encouraging and satisfactory to all concerned. The Chancellor will rise to announce a balanced budget and even a satisfactory little margin on the right side. One need not now be a qualified Old Moore to prophesy that among his "points" will be the following:—

(1) Britain during the last quarter of the year revealed an export trade more favourable than any competitor nation.

(2) In the same period our production showed a definite increase.

(3) Britain's credit has been largely, if not entirely, restored, implying that belief in British genius and integrity is re-established internationally. But we are by no means "out of the wood."

(4) Customs and Excise receipts have exceeded all estimates.

(5) Revenue from income-tax shows a serious decline.

(6) In all the circumstances some alleviation of the crippling burden of income-tax is . . .

[This is Old Moore's cue.]

A DOLEFUL PICTURE.

—With a sheaf of cuttings from the American Press about murder, graft, abduction, suicide, and rape, an American correspondent sends me the most doleful picture of social conditions in the States. I am referred to the "moral" of the Cities of the Plain. "You, at any rate," says my correspondent, "appreciate the moral of Sodom. . . ." I accept this as a compliment to my discernment. It is apparently a nice question whether in the States to-day the trifling percentage of "just men" necessary to avert destruction by brimstone can be guaranteed. But, admitting a fair percentage of noble Americans, a most solemn warning has been given to that country, Her present "nightmare condition" is the terrible consequence of a long orgy of easy money, begun during the big trade wave of the War and reaching its zenith in the great stock market booms when poor folk as well as rich trebled their capital in a night. During these orgies, not only was the national character poisoned, but dishonesty and greed in public life grew and flourished unchecked. For even the decent element were playing smash and grab. And now that the bubble has burst, illusions lie flabby on the ground like pricked balloons. Suicide is rampant, dishonesty by trusted officials, gross and long sustained, is brought daily to light. None is safe. The vaunted wealth evaporates daily. It is lost in defaulting bank-closures, it is stolen by gangs of thieves, it is reduced by blackmail levies. Every day another jolt shakes the *amour propre* of the chosen people—I still interpret my correspondent from Boston—until even the gods on Olympus shed a tear for the humiliation of self conceit. But the end is not yet. Moral: Don't put wealth before character. It's a doleful picture, which I did not paint but merely engrave. America is a big place and needs a large canvas. But here at least is material for a sermon for all the world to hear.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

—Last Sunday, whatever the calendar or the almanack may say, was the first day of Spring. The thrill of birds made musical the sunshine; the warm air carried the delicate scent of delicate blossoms; the very atmosphere was pregnant with the burgeoning of the produce of the earth.

Despite the stir in the blood that at this season summons us of the island race to go abroad, there is yet an official frown upon such foreign travel. I think of the Alpine slopes blazing with flowers; of the chill charms of the Northern lands; of the brilliant attractions of the South; of Italy with her Catholic pageantry; of Spain grand even in her chaos—and I waver. The frown of officialdom loses its terror, and almost am I persuaded to go.

But even as Queen Mary's saying served for Browning, so Browning's saying serves for me—

The lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now.

If there is anything finer than an English Spring, I do not know what it is.

CAPTAIN OF SURREY.

—D. R. Jardine is chosen to succeed Percy Fender as Captain of Surrey. Fender is a hard man to succeed, at any rate in transpontine opinion. Beyond the bridges, on the Surrey side, Fender has long been regarded as a wizard, an oracle, and indeed as a born captain for England. My own view is that in present conditions of county cricket, it is possible for a captain to be too popular and too much of a wizard. I fancy cricket has suffered of late from too much brain power. It is a slow game, a game deep rooted in the traditions of Old England and the village green, and you spoil it by being too clever. Fender has deserved well of his county. He is a worker, a plucky fellow, and as keen as can be, and I hope he will long be spared to cricket. But head-masters, party leaders, and cricket captains should not become institutions. A change is good and Jardine carries a very heavy

sletter

armament. He is an impregnable bat of the very front rank; he has great experience, a lot of character, and he is far more genial than his rather dour expression suggests. It's nice to say a word about cricket. Walk along St. John's Wood Road and already you will hear that click of bat on ball which heralds in the sweet of the year.

"THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN."—Every few years public interest is reawakened in the famous "Ladies of Llangollen," from some cause or another. Sometimes it is fresh light thrown by a new published book, more often it is anxiety as to the preservation of that famous cottage under the hill which belongs to Lord Tankerville and which he does his best to safeguard. There has been more nonsense talked about these long-dead virgins than about love and marriage and Shakespeare and Bacon. A correspondent in *The Times* last week deplored that no one had taken pains to collect the true facts of their lives. He is wrong. I have done so, but I have not found sufficient public interest to warrant publication. Sarah Ponsonby was a near relation of my forbears and I have some of her beautifully-written letters.

. . . . .

Here are a few "damnable errors" concerning them, which I will blow away:

(1) That they wore men's clothes. They never did. They sometimes dressed in the riding dress for ladies of the period of their youth. "Doctored" prints of the ladies exaggerated this dress, which was originally shown in a drawing done from life by Lady Leighton.

(2) That their evasion was due to broken hearts. On the contrary, Lady Eleanor was man-proof and heart-whole, and Sarah fled from the attentions of a gross married man.

(3) That they lived in a secluded desert. Llangollen in those days was about as secluded as Perth platform on the morning of August 12 last year of grace. It was the last stage of the main-road from London to Ireland before the transfer to the packet boat. Two coaching inns were perpetually filled to capacity with travellers to Ireland (all the rank and fashion of many nations, a large proportion of whom were related by blood to one or other of the ladies). Naturally these travellers killed time by calling on their cousins. The poor virgins spent half each day hiding in their dressing-room from the queue of visitors.

(4) That for fifty years, they never once spent a night away from the cottage. This is nearly true. But once at least they slept at Dartmouth.

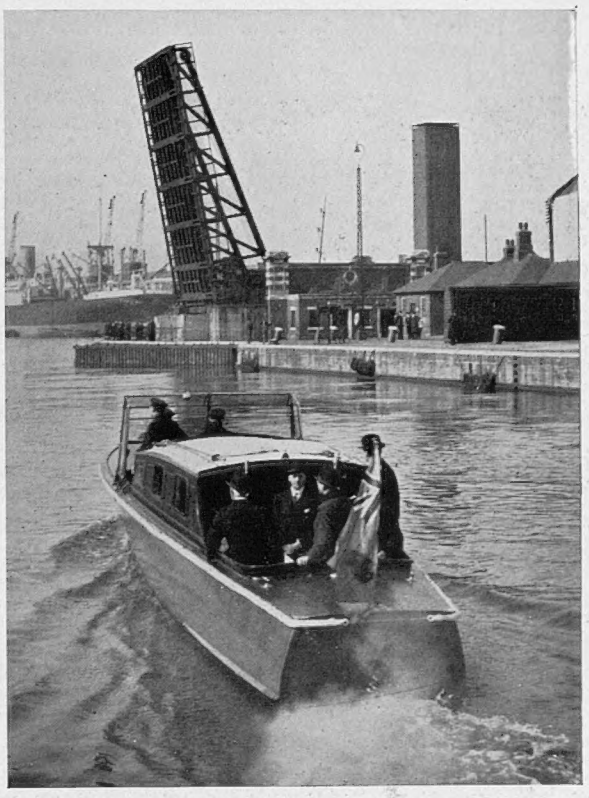
(5) That they were in *any* way more eccentric than might be expected of two maiden ladies who had lived long together enjoying a village tyranny. They were not. They were victims twice of the vulgar press of the day who created the "legend" which will not die.

(6) The D. N. B. passes them over rather contemptuously (which is justifiable) and rather inaccurately (which is not). They call Sarah "the Honble Sarah Ponsonby" which she never was.

RETURN OF THE DANDIES?—I am never quite certain to what extent letters to the daily Press, which successfully initiate a discussion, are seriously meant by their writers. If things were always what they seem one would say that nothing could be more inopportune than to condemn, in critical times for London theatres, those who sit in the stalls in day clothes, or more illogical than to denounce those who hire horses to ride in the Row without engaging in the further very heavy expense of correct riding-kit. The age we live in is democratic, the times we live in cry aloud for economy. And here are two gentlemen with handles to their names beating the drum which has been discreetly muffled since the Age of Privilege vanished. Did these gentlemen put their tongues in their cheeks? Or did they lend their names to a clever journalistic stunt? Or, far more interesting, is there a faint indication that one more inevitable reaction is starting? It is a reaction which will have easy progress when it comes. For the masses still at heart admire a lord, welcome to their constituencies candidates who come in the modern equivalent of a coach and four, still gape with delight at fashionable wedding guests, and gloat over lists of wedding jewels and gifts.

THE OLD STAGER.

PALM SUNDAY: The Rev. H. J. Fynes Clinton of St. Magnus the Martyr Church, Lower Thames Street, leads a procession through the streets of the city. It is a very high Anglican—not a Roman—church



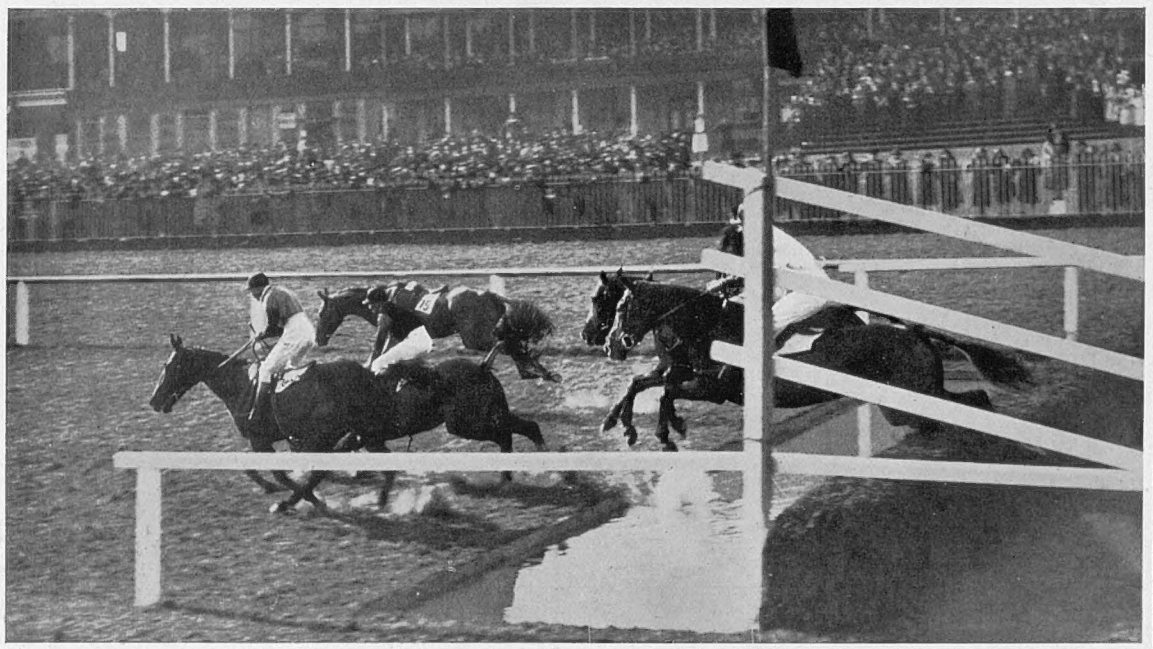
ROYALTY TOURS THE DOCKS: Prince George recently made an extensive tour of London's dockland. The launch bearing H.R.H. is seen above entering the King George V dock—one of the most up-to-date of new additions

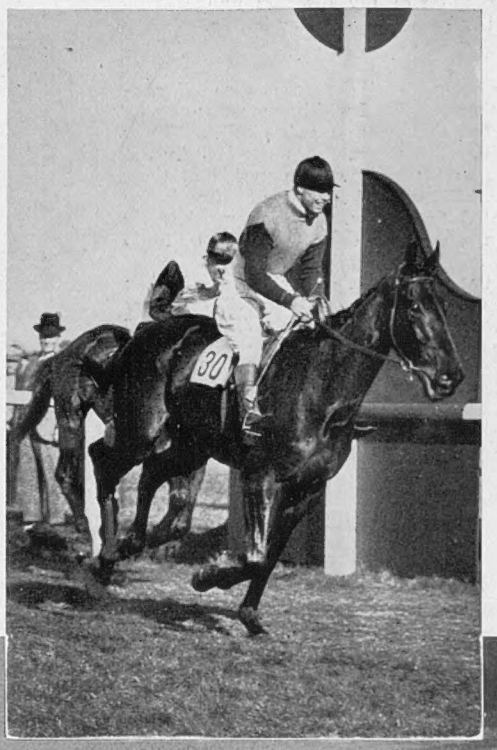
ST. PATRICK'S DAY: The annual ceremony of presenting shamrock, the national emblem, to the Irish Guards was carried out last week by the Earl of Cavan at Wellington Barracks. The regiment is here seen preceded by pipers—a type of musician not limited to the Scottish regiments—marching past Lord Cavan after the presentation

THE NORTHUMBERLAND MOORS ABLAZE: A serious conflagration broke out a few days ago near Morpeth, where acres upon acres of gorse and hedges were burned up. Volunteers of all ages were co-opted and given the task of beating out the fire. The drought renders the danger of such blazes very present

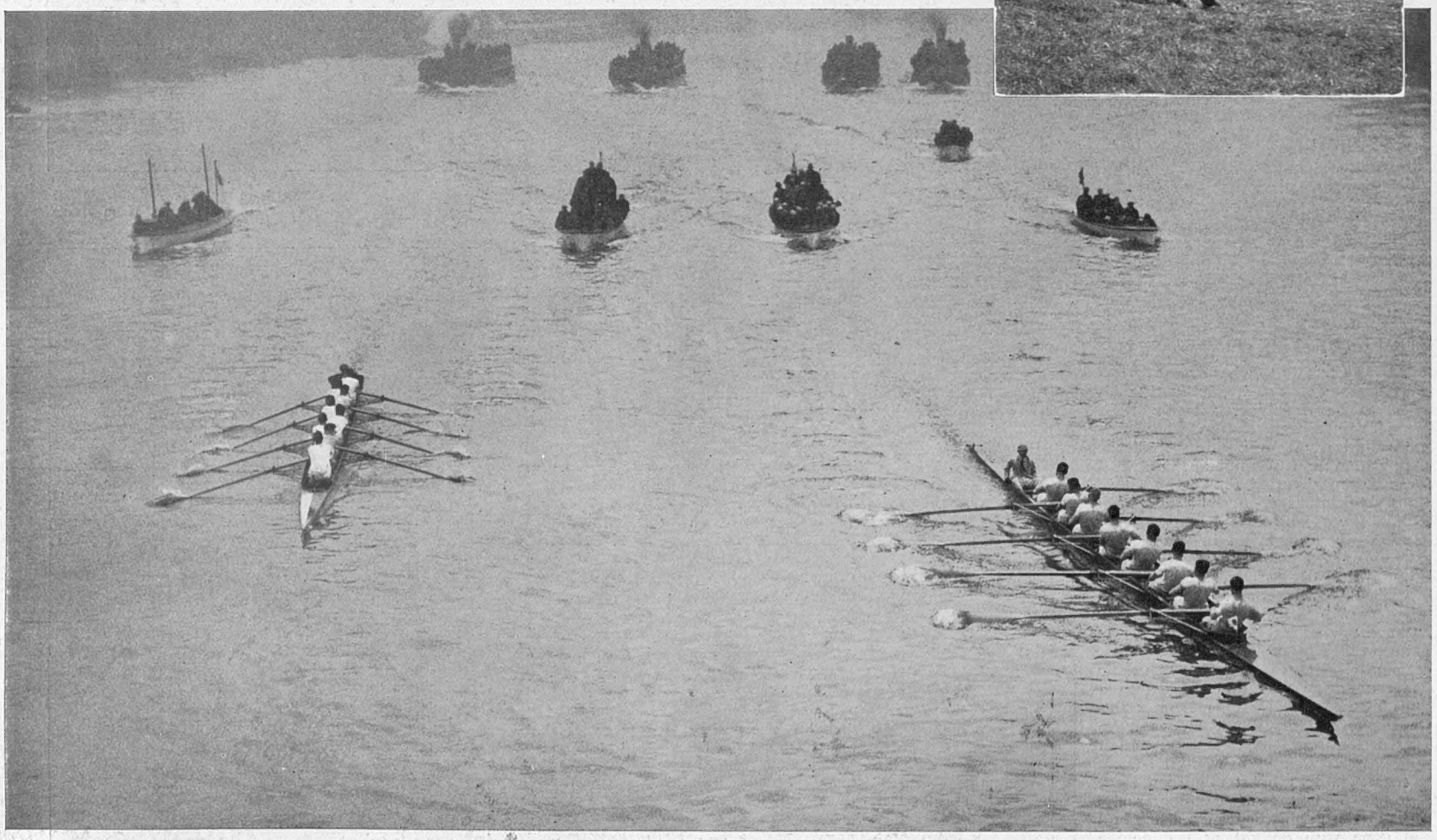
TWO GREAT SPORTING EVENTS

FIRST TIME ROUND: The scene at the first fence, when *Forbra*, *Egremont*, and *Shaun Gotlin*—three outsiders—were placed 1, 2, and 3 in the Grand National





THE WATER JUMP: Thirty-six started and only ten finished in this year's classic at Aintree. *Merriment IV* is seen above riderless. *K.C.B.* fell and had to be destroyed, and *Pelorus Jack* provided a stumbling-block for many more fancied horses than the winner, *Forbra* (J. Hamey up), seen *inset on right* passing the post ahead of *Egremont*



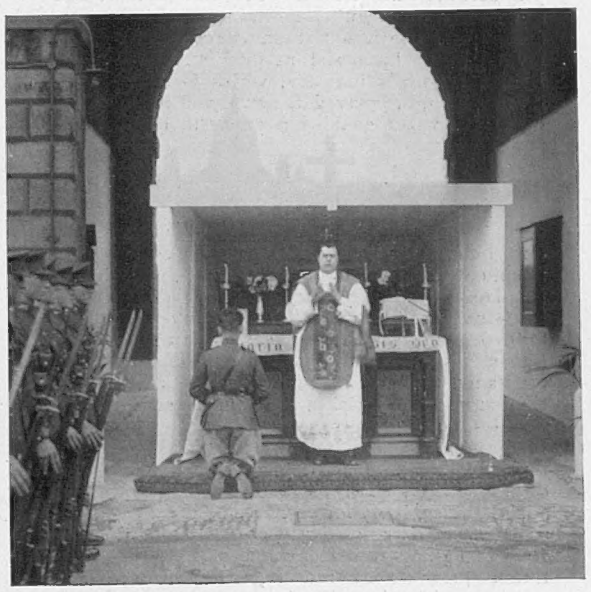
THE ANNUAL PROCESSION: Oxford suffered another attack of (dark) blues this year when, for the ninth consecutive occasion, they lost the Boat Race—by 5 lengths. The Cambridge crew established a lead early on, and now are two races ahead of their rivals. The race was some 600 yards shorter than usual, owing to the eddies consequent upon enlarging Putney Bridge. The Cambridge crew was regarded as one of the finest post-War eights and has succeeded in equalling the Oxford record of nine unbroken wins—a record the elder 'Varsity has twice made

ST. PATRICK'S DAY in DUBLIN

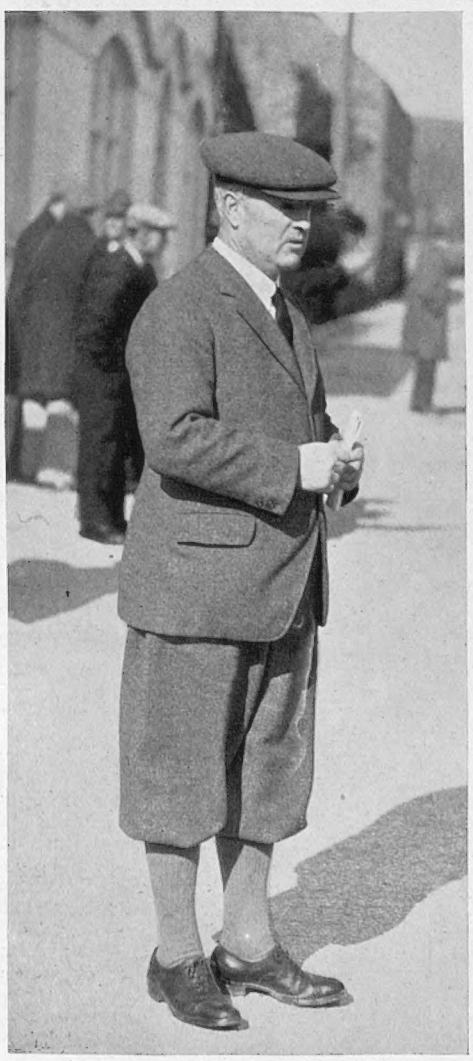
TAKING THE SALUTE: Mr. Frank Aiken, the new Minister for Defence

A CATHOLIC CELEBRATION: The open air Mass in Collins Barracks' Square, which was followed by a march past of the Free State troops. Although there were two armies in Dublin—the Free State forces and the I.R.A.—on the day of the National Saint, the anticipated riots did not occur

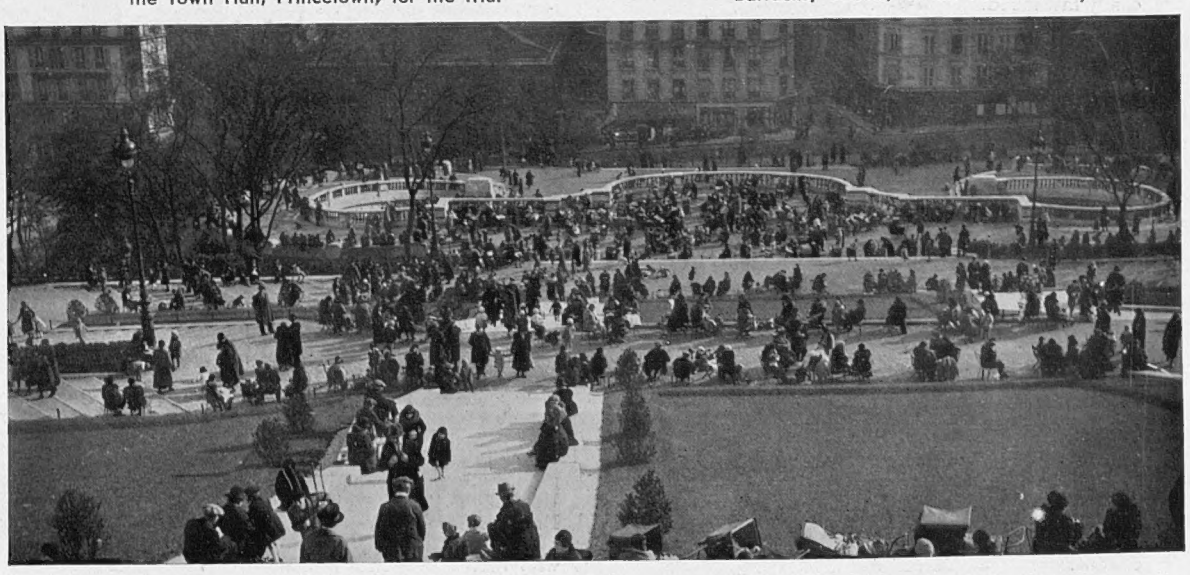
FROM THE PRISON TO THE DOCK: Motor vans, carrying convicts and escorted by police, arrive at the Town Hall, Princetown, for the trial



FATHER DOMINICK RYAN, the head Chaplain of the Free State Army, celebrates the Mass at Collins Barracks, Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF DARTMOOR: Major Pannell arrives at Princetown for the trial arising out of the mutiny



SPRING COMES TO PARIS: The crowded aspect of St. Pierre's Square, Montmartre, when the French capital enjoyed its first spell of warm weather. There is no city to compare with Paris in its response to sunshine. Jacques and Jacqueline emerge like butterflies at the touch of Apollo's wand

NEW TRADES FOR OLD

The launch had picked us up at Tynemouth and for more than an hour we had travelled up the Tyne. It had been a depressing journey, for it had brought home very forcibly how the depression in the shipping, coal, and shipbuilding industries had hit one of the greatest industrial rivers in the world. Rows of colliers and freighters, idle, rust-streaked, and deserted. Giant cranes black and motionless against the sky above the empty grass-grown slipways. Here and there a little activity in the yards, but most of them empty, the cargo-less, crew-less ships swinging in the tideway, mute evidence of their state. Then through the smoke and the river-haze there came in sight the great new bridge spanning the Tyne, standing out in strong contrast to its dingy surroundings. A few minutes later we passed under it and tied up at a quay within its shadow.

Very impressive this bridge, one of the finest in the world, and strangely symbolic. A triumph of British engineering, it seems to arise phœnix-like from the ashes of the Industrial Revolution, typifying new industry growing up from the old. A waiting car carried us away from the stricken Tyne to Scotswood to see evidence of this. Nobody wants ships to-day, so Newcastle is turning its hand to building motor lorries, driven by crude-oil engines on the Diesel system and oil-fired locomotives. Shipbuilding may be almost dead, things may be bad in the iron and coal trades, but the North is not down, nor out. It is fighting back, trying to build new industries for old, its symbol the great bridge across the Tyne. And all over Britain the same process is taking place. Old industries are contracting, employing fewer and fewer workers, but new industries are springing up in their stead. A new Industrial Revolution is taking place.

If you go south from Tyneside along the Great North Road and bear left-handed for Middlesborough and Billingham, you come to a giant chemical plant, a forcing-bed for miracles. Thirty years ago the chemical industry was still in its infancy; to-day its products are indispensable in almost every scientific process. Ammonia, sulphuric acid, nitrate, ammonium sulphate, creosote oil, dye stuffs, explosives, and a thousand other chemical products are in daily use in one or another industry. Agriculture, too, looks to the chemical industry for its fertilizers. What is so striking about the chemical industry is that from the great plants at Billingham and elsewhere entirely new products are being turned out continually. It was not so long ago that synthetic nitrogen for industrial and agricultural use was put on the market to mark a revolution in industrial production. Last year the British dyestuffs industry, which is steadily coming into its own, discovered a new dye known as Duratol Green G., which enabled a green to be produced by ice-colour process for the first time. The world of fashion will appreciate this discovery in due course.

If you visit a certain chemical plant in Lancashire they will show you one of the recent discoveries of the industries. It is a dirty-grey powder, not unlike road dust in appearance. A combination of two disinfectants, carbolic acid and formaldehyde, it is known in the laboratory as phenol-formaldehyde, and in the trade as synthetic resin. Poured into moulds closed by hydraulic steam-heated presses, it can be moulded into any shape and dyed any colour. Having great resistance to heat, being difficult to break and a non-conductor of electricity, it can be used for umbrella handles, lamp holders, switches, electric fittings, wireless appliance and telephone equipment. It can replace vulcanite, take the place of ebony for the backs of hair brushes. It is as good as celluloid for shaving-stick handles, ivory for cigarette holders, porcelain for ashtrays—and screw threads can be moulded into it. It is in fact a striking example of how with the continual progress of industry one product replaces another. Metal replaced wood; then rubber and vulcanite began to replace metal for many uses. Now this new material is taking the place of others less easily fashioned.

Progress in the chemical industry has also resulted in the discovery of new uses for precious metals, and has created what is virtually a new industry, the production of platinum metals. These metals, palladium, iridium, rhodium, ruthenium and osmium, are, with the exception of platinum itself, but little known to the general public, but are very valuable in industrial processes. For example, palladium has a great potential value for plating, and for dental alloys, for by reflecting the colour of the gums it is practically invisible in the mouth. The newer industries have a hundred and one uses for platinum.

Agriculture all over the world makes use of artificial nitrates, which are produced from the nitrogen in the air, which is combined with oxygen to produce the oxides of nitrogen and nitric acid. The oxidation of ammonia, necessary to carry out this process, is accomplished by passing the two gases through fine platinum gauze. In another new industrial process, the making of artificial silk, the cellulose is forced through holes in platinum spinners to form the threads for spinning. Modern electric laboratory furnaces are wound with platinum wire, and contact points made from a platinum-iridium alloy are used throughout the electrical automobile and aeroplane industries.

As iron was essential to our forbears, so is platinum essential to industry to-day. At Acton, a steadily developing industrial area, there has been established a platinum metals refinery. The base metals from the nickel-copper region of Ontario are extracted either at Port Colborne in Canada or at Clydach in South Wales, and the "concentrates" are sent to Acton for refining. A rather uncanny place, this refinery on the outskirts of London. The machinery on the terraces in what are known as the "Wet process" buildings is strongly reminiscent of a distillery in miniature. There are the same tiled walls, rows of shining vats, and a maze of pipes. In another room are the oil-fired smelting furnaces.

If you are lucky you will see them tilt a furnace—it looks like a large, metal box—by machinery, and pour from it a fiery stream of "concentrate," from which will come eventually pure palladium, platinum, gold, silver, and "P.M. Alloy No. 2." This alloy is further treated in the laboratory to extract from it rhodium, ruthenium, and iridium. At Acton they will tell you quite casually that the plant can produce 300,000 oz. of precious metals a year, three-quarters of the world's total requirements, and all the ore used comes from Empire sources. Yet platinum was discovered in 1750, when the Sussex forge-ponds were still in use!

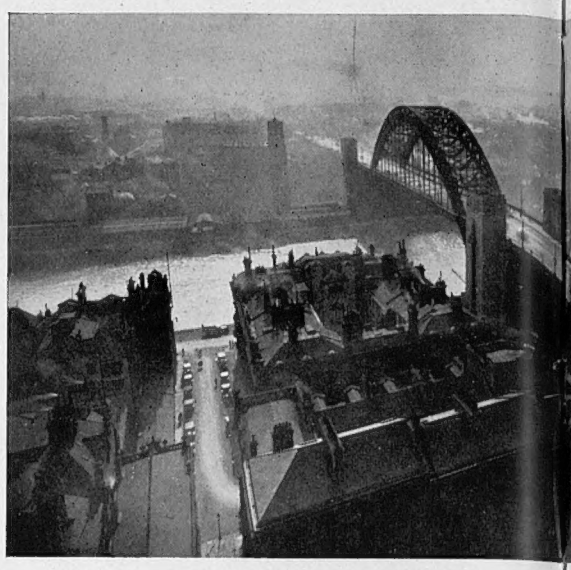
Other new products of the chemical industry are benzyl cellulose and paralac. The former is a plastic material which can be produced in any colour or combination of colours, and either opaque, transparent, or translucent. It can be used to make a transparent fountain pen, to see when the ink is running dry, or for lacquers, enamels, aeroplane dopes, artificial leather, electrical accessories, gramophone records, and linoleum substitutes. Paralac is an elastic varnish. When painted on telephone wires it will expand or contract to heat and cold with the wires, and on thin tin or other metal it will not crack however much the metal is bent or twisted. These products, and a hundred others, are an answer to those who declare that British industry is in decay. They point to the derelict shipyards of the Tyne and Tees, to the silent collieries of Durham. They forget that in the same district men are striving to build new industries to take their place.

It is the same in the West of Scotland. The shipyards that built some of the finest ships the seas have ever known are mostly empty; the new Cunarder stands silent and half-finished on the stocks; but round about Glasgow you can find the new factories. At Inchinnan, on the banks of the Clyde, where six years ago there was nothing but a derelict aerodrome, there is a factory employing over a thousand men and turning out ever 10,000 motor-tyres every week. On the outskirts of Glasgow there is one of the newest and most remarkable factories in Britain. Every day it consumes thousands of old bottles and bits of broken glass, melts them down, and makes them into "glass silk," very like real silk in appearance, which is used for heat insulating and sound-proofing in ships and buildings. In Glasgow they are rather proud of this factory, for it is manufacturing a product that was formerly of entirely foreign origin. Not far away, at Grangemouth, there is the huge plant manufacturing dyes that until a few years ago were virtually a German monopoly. When the industrial history of the present half-century comes to be written the achievements of the British dye industry and the chemists that made them possible will be worthy of a special chapter.

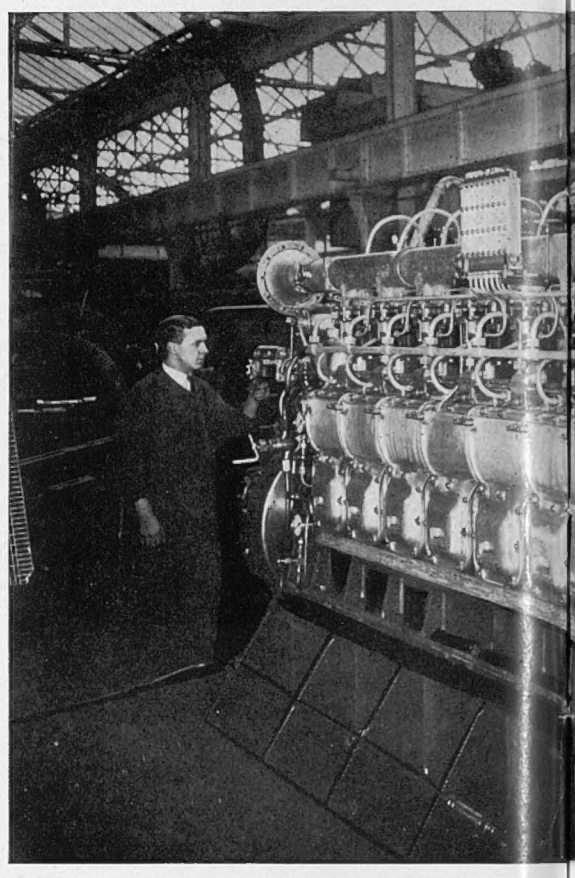
Electricity and motor-cars have also brought new industries to Scotland to take the place of steam and ships. Every day trains and lorries carry mile upon mile of electric cable away from the cable works in Glasgow to be buried under the highways and byeways of Great Britain, and the shale industry, which has fought for years against one adversity after another, is turning out motor spirit and lamp oil. The Clyde-side, like the Tyneside, is fighting back.

It is, however, in the Midlands and the South that the development of new industries is so noticeable. If you come into Coventry by road at night you are met on the outskirts of the town by a gigantic electric sign bearing one word, the name of a famous motor-car. This sign is as much a symbol as the bridge over the Tyne, the banner of the British motor industry. It is as difficult to get away from motor-cars in Coventry as it is from horses in Newmarket. Here is a string of light lorries, bare chassis with soap-box seats for the drivers, going out for a test. Following them are three glittering saloon cars, the completed product, on their way to the showroom. Then a heavy lorry and trailer thunder past, piled with huge wooden cases labelled Sydney, or Singapore, or Seccondee, and "This Way Up Use Slings." In each of them is a British motor-car, ready for export.

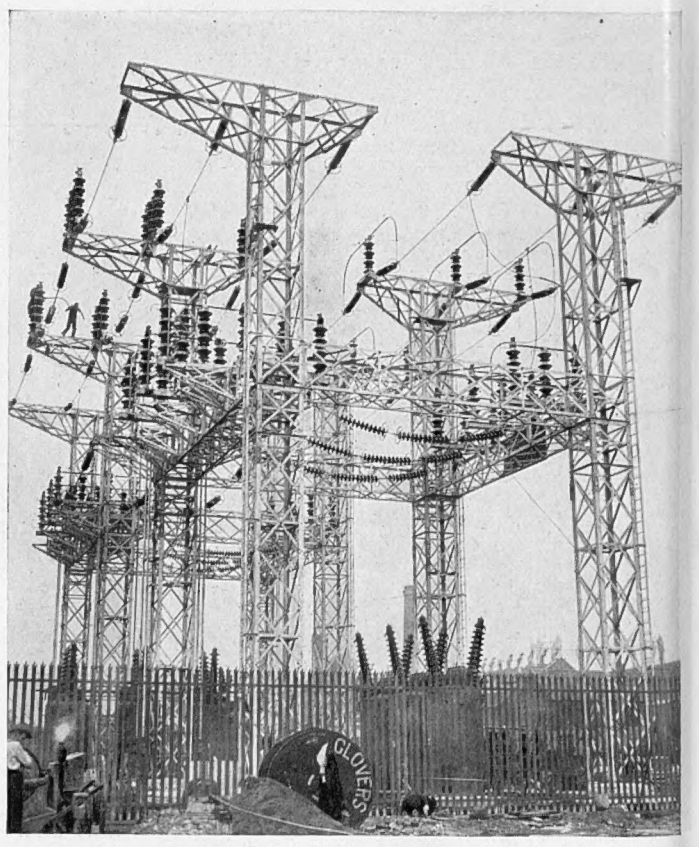
Your Coventry friend salutes a man who drives past in a disgracefully untidy and battered car. "That's X——," he explains, mentioning the name of one of a family team who have done much



EMBLEMATIC: The great new bridge at Newcastle which, city's wealth, spans the river and leads the way to the future



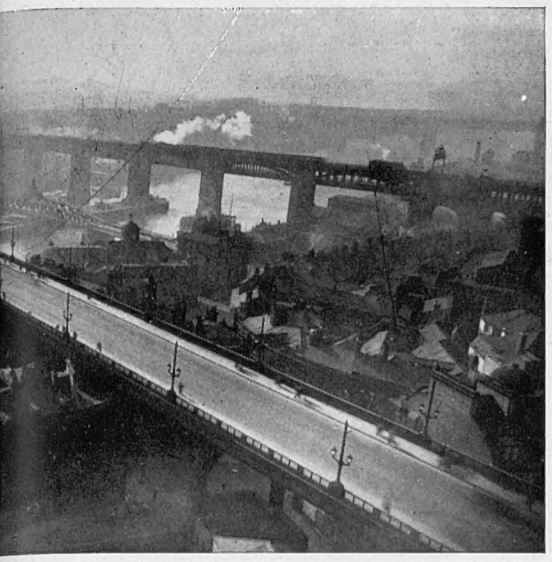
THE DIESEL ENGINE is one of the new products that is shows a Vickers *Ricardo* 8-cylinder



ELECTRICITY is creating totally new demands which are being met by new industries employing new types of material. The picture shows the great new transformer grid at Yarmouth

A Last Week's Survey of the English Industrial Field, Showing How this Country is Passing Through One of its Transitional Stages in which Old Trades Fade Away and are Replaced by Brand New Ones

By J. BAKER WHITE



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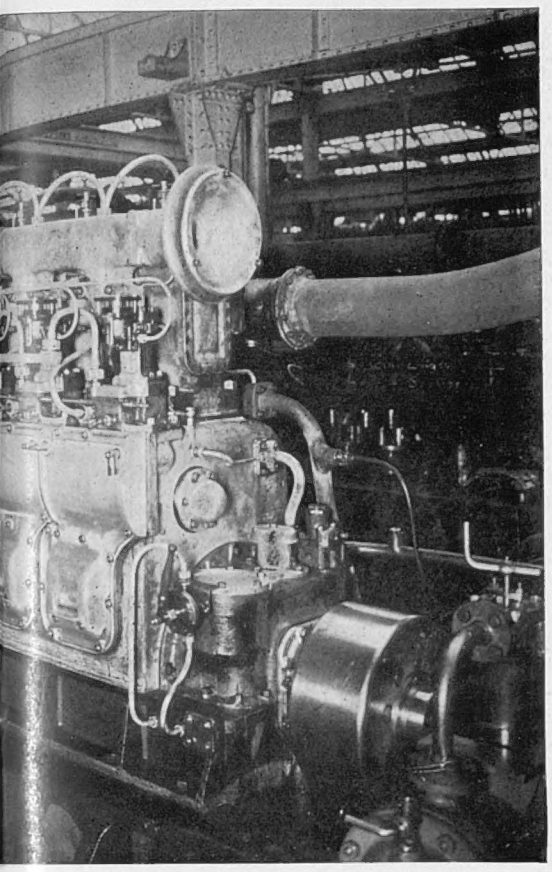
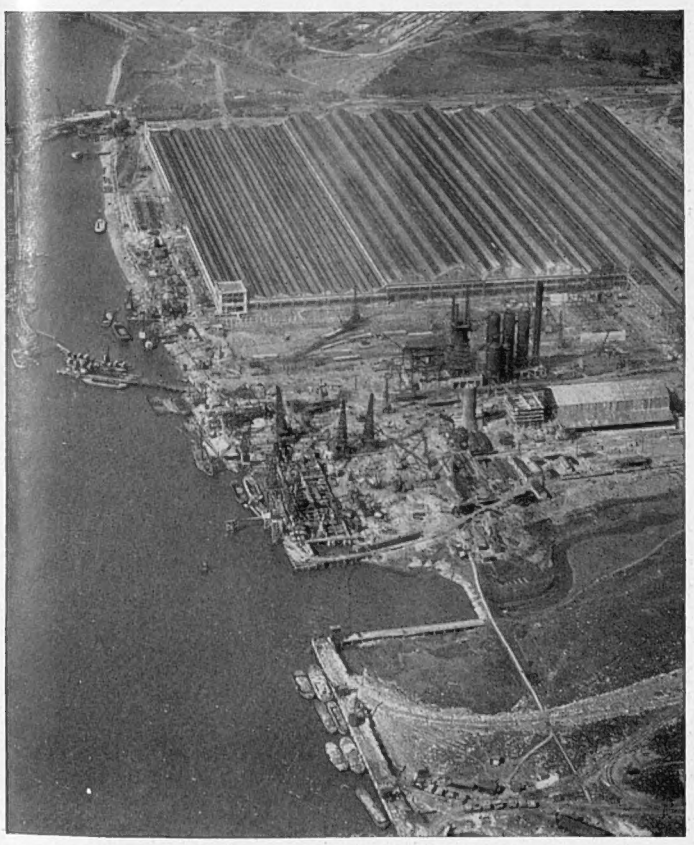


...ngaging the attention of the industrial north. This picture ...igh speed Diesel engine



MOTOR WORKS are another field in which Britain is forging ahead. This picture shows an aerial view of the new Ford factory at Dagenham—an enterprize creating a new industrial centre

to build Coventry's industry. The streets and cafés and hotels are full of smart and brisk young men, cheerful and business-like, the sellers of motor-cars. If you manage to corner one of the "big men" of the motor industry you may be able to extract some production figures from him, and it is rather a wonderful story that they tell.

In 1922 there were approximately 660,000 motor-vehicles of various kinds on the roads of Britain. By 1928 this number had increased to over 1,269,000, and by 1930 to more than 1,498,000. The British motor-car industry turned out 107,000 cars in 1924, 161,900 in 1927, and 180,400 in 1929. Since then production has fallen in consequence of world depression to 100,460 in 1931, but the British motor industry stood up to the disorganization of the markets remarkably well, and the motor industry of no other nation can show anything like such a favourable state of affairs to-day. The production of "baby" cars actually rose in 1931 to 73,870, or 6,000 more than in 1930, proof of the vitality and adaptability of the industry.

The British motor tyre industry has also increased its production by leaps and bounds. It turned out 1,927,000 covers in 1924, 2,700,000 in 1926, and 5,369,000 in 1930. With the growth of the industry Britain has entered the world tyre market as an exporter, and has compelled American and French manufacturers to open factories over here. The man who gave me these figures drove me out to his works in a maroon-coloured "speed-six," and I wrote as we travelled along.

It is not so many years ago that we set out together in another car on what we considered to be a long and perilous journey. It was from Brooklands to Portsmouth. We both remember it quite vividly still. The puncture at Godalming, and the stepney wheel that left us suddenly at Hindhead; the trace horse that towed us up Butser Hill; the trouble with the carbide generator for the lamps and the explosion that shook the windows of Waterlooville. In the "speed six" we went a matter of twelve miles in fifteen minutes, but the contrast is only typical of the industry.

All round Coventry are the car factories, where twenty years ago were green fields. Away towards Birmingham, and in the city itself, are the factories producing the component parts of motor cars. In one they will show you a huge press, stamping out the bodies of motor cars from huge sheets of metal. In another there are countless millions of nuts and bolts and screws, in another motor tyres of all shapes and sizes in all stages of manufacture. In another famous works you realize the extent of the motor accessory industry. Rows of girls assembling the intricate insides of speedometers, polishing lamp reflectors, wiring electric horns. Huge packing-rooms where men work in straw up to their waists, and the despatching docks, where a dozen or so big green vans are being loaded with anything from super head-lamps to dashboard cigarette lighters. In one factory in Birmingham there seem to be all the spanners in the world, huge ones that require two men's strength to use them, and tiny ones with which to delve into the insides of magnetos, waiting to be packed into tool kits.

All these factories, stamping out steel bodies, cutting screws by the million, making tyres, wheels, coils, autovacs, lamps, horns, hoods, paint, and the hundred and one things that go to make up a motor car, are part of an industry that was only in its infancy a quarter of a century ago. To-day it is one of the largest in the country, employing over a quarter of a million people, or more than the shipbuilding industry. Such is the new Industrial Revolution.

In Birmingham they have a very efficient Gas Department, and talking with its officials, one realises something of the amazing growth of the gas industry, not only as a supplier of light, heat, and fuel in the domestic field, but in the industrial field as well. It is true that the gas industry is 125 years old, but up to the beginning of this century it was chiefly concerned with lighting. It is within the last thirty years that it has developed and adapted itself to meet the demands of new industries and of new domestic conditions. In 1911 the annual output of British gas undertakings was something over 25,087,000,000 cubic feet, and the number of consumers 6,774,000. In 1931 the output was 331,610,000,000 cubic feet, and the number of consumers had risen to 10,142,000.

In industry to-day more than 3,000 trades use gas for an average of seven different processes in each. In 1911 the Birmingham Gas Department sold 389,511,000 cubic feet of gas for industrial purposes. In 1931 the figure had risen to 3,946,000,000 cubic feet. Every year the gas industry consumes some 18,000,000 tons of coal, and produces besides gas a large number of by-products valuable to British industry, including 12,000,000 tons of coke, 215,000,000 gallons of tar, and 126,000,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia. About £200,000,000 of capital have gone to its building, and it directly provides work for 113,000 people. It is one of the industries, like the electricity industry, that has done a great deal towards making life easier, and cheaper. Its slogan is very appropriate—"Gas, the Servant of Progress." To-day we take gas and electricity for granted, and forget how many—or how few—years ago it was that oil lamps, candles, and "kitcheners" were the order of the day.

Before we left Birmingham we visited a factory that caused a change of plans. Into big tanks of liquid flat sheets of tin-plate were being lowered. When taken out they looked exactly as if they had been plated with gold. This lacquering process was to prepare the sheets before conversion into tins for one of Britain's newest industries, fruit and vegetable canning, and we were advised to visit some of the canneries. Accordingly we altered our route and travelled to Bristol by way of Norton and Evesham, where we found canneries set amidst the fruit plantations and orchards.

Like the other canneries in Cambridgeshire, Kent, East Anglia and elsewhere, they are equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, ready to deal with the finest fruit and vegetables there are in the whole wide world. Ten years ago the United States were almost supreme in the canning industry; to-day Britain has established a name at home for her canned products, and is capturing American markets abroad, with the industry still expanding fast. As it grows it is helping numbers of other industries. The South Wales tin-plate industry; the manufacturers of fibre-board, metal, and wooden containers; the printers of coloured labels—we saw them being turned out by the mile in Bristol; the glass industry; dairy farmers—for British condensed milk is a practical proposition now and foreign firms are increasing their plants in this country; fruit and vegetable growers, seedsmen and nurserymen; the engineering industry; the sugar beet industry, and the transport industry.

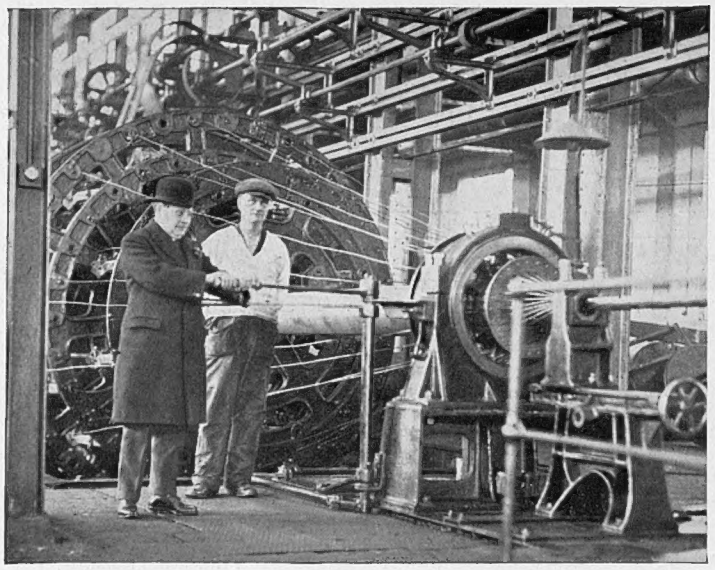
Likewise Bristol is a city with an ancient history as a port that is building anew. Its trade declined with the coming of the Industrial Revolution and the shifting of industry to the north. Now with industry moving south again Bristol is exerting every effort—with considerable success—to become the busiest port in the west. At Avonmouth they showed us with pride their fine docks and warehouses, pointing out a white-painted ship unloading West Indian bananas, a tanker pumping out oil, and a Greek tramp preparing to discharge grain into the elevators.

From the docks we made our way through the narrow city streets, past tobacco works, flour mills, textile plants, breweries, and chocolate factories to the great green meadow at Filton, one of the cradles of the aeroplane industry. Here were aeroplanes in all states. Some of them just bare frames without engines. Others half completed with the riggers busy on them. (In the days of sail the Bristol sailmakers and riggers were famous). And, standing outside a hangar, a completed 'plane ready for test. A man in flying kit and helmet passes us nodding a "Good morning!" and climbs into the 'plane. The engine roars into action. For a minute or so he tests it until the note satisfies him and then he gives the signal for the mechanics to let go. The 'plane glides away off the ground, then climbing steeply to about two thousand feet.

From Filton we made our way back to London, past bacon and motor-tyre factories in the heart of sleepy Wiltshire, past busy Reading and even busier Slough, and in, past the bright new factories of the Great West Road, to London, heart of the Empire, still the greatest financial centre, and now the greatest centre of light industry in the world, with a huge industrial population that is increasing every week. And on the next day into Kent, to see another new industrial area in construction. The Medway, with its giant cement works, its oil refineries, and its paper works. In these paper works a victory is being won.

From Maidstone we took the road that ends in the shadow of Dover Castle, the sentinel at the gateway of England. Behind the castle runs an overhead ropeway, connecting our newest colliery area to Dover Harbour, and in the streets at night one man will speak to you in Welsh and the next in Northumbrian. Here our journey came to an end, in many ways incomplete, for we had seen only a part of the country's new industries. Yet it had been sufficient to prove that the heart of industrial Britain still beats clear and strong. Old industries are contracting, but the new ones are growing, even in a time of world depression. It is a hard fight, and a long fight. The battle will not be won in a month, or a year. But given new capital and the backing of the whole nation the industries of Britain will triumph, and in the years to come the historians will write of the Second Industrial Revolution.

The ROUND of the DAY



THE P.M.G. INAUGURATES a giant cable winder machine during his inspection of Messrs. Siemens Bros. and Co., Ltd., at Woolwich. The cable started by Sir Kingsley Wood is destined for a Belgium line

SPOTTING THE WINNER! Miss Pamela Dawn strikes a new fashion note at Aintree

A SPEED HERO'S LUNCHEON: The Prince of Wales, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and Earl Howe (who presided) at the Savoy lunch given by the British Sportsmen's Club

DROUGHT: A serious shortage of water has occurred in the Berkshire village of West Woodhay, for every well and tank save one has run dry. A queue is formed at the one surviving well

CHOSEN RACERS: The English contingent bound for the Olympiad in Palestine—the first all Jewish athletic gathering of its kind ever held. It has taken some three years of organization and preparation. Over 1,000 athletes are competing

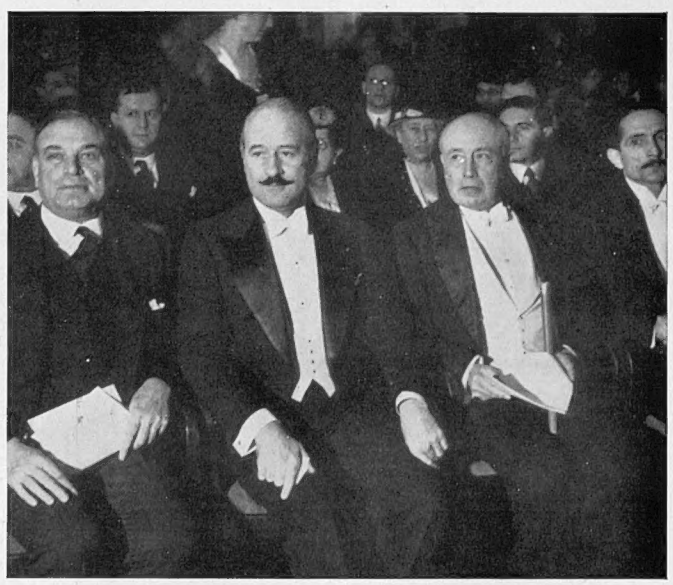
SWEDISH NOTABLES at the Gare du Nord paying homage to the remains of Yvar Kreuger, the Swedish match king, who, after his suicide in Paris, is to be buried in Sweden

IN HISTORIC DRESS: Three members of a Brussels hunt which met in XVIIth-century costume in commemoration of its foundation

THE LINDBERGH MAIL—from cranks, pseudo-detectives and sympathizers—has reached colossal proportions with the kidnapping tragedy

THE PRESIDENT OF AUSTRIA drinks wine at the Burgenland Exhibition and toasts the peasant women in their national dress. It is the first time Burgenland has exhibited at the Vienna Fair since its annexation

PRINCE JOACHIM ALBRECHT of Hohenzollern who has achieved great distinction as a 'cellist and a conductor in the U.S.A.



BERLIN HONOURS BRIAND: A memorial celebration in honour of the great French peace-maker was held at the Hotel Esplanade, Berlin. Dr. R. Weissmann, the French Ambassador, M. François-Poncet, M. Henri Bidou, and Herr Jacob Schaffner are seen above

CHANGING LONDON

DEMOLISHING A LANDMARK: Over 2,000 panes of glass were smashed when the roof of the building in the Botanical Gardens was felled. The moment when the central dome fell is recorded above

UNIFYING THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE RIVER LEA into one canal is a scheme which will relieve unemployment in West Ham, for only local labour is being engaged. The Spring tides are increasing the difficulty of the work

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NURSING HOME is being erected upon this site, near Berkeley Court (seen in the background) in Marylebone Road. Named Galen House, it is to cost a million sterling to build and equip

"DESTINY": A mason in a mask cleaning the statue by Mr. Donald Gilbert, on Abbey House, Upper Baker Street, to complete which a record rush was made

MAPPING A NEW LONDON: Mr. Percy Lovell (right), Organizing Secretary of the London Society, and members of the staff engaged charting the Metropolis

TO BE REBUILT: The ancient wooden inn at Muswell Hill, the Royal Oak, is to be pulled down and rebuilt on modern and up-to-date lines

DAYS of ANCIENT GREECE and ROME

Recreated in Pæstum and Pompeii

PORTA MARINA: The great fortification discovered in the recent excavations. This is one of the four great gates of ancient Poseidonia. The fortifications of this south Italian town were originally ascribed to the Greeks but subsequent research has now attributed them to the Lucanians. With the defeat of Pyrrhus, the town fell under the dominion of Rome

THE GREAT PORTICO OF THE FORUM and the ruins of the Gymnasium recently brought to light at Pæstum—one of the few settlements to remain faithful to Rome during the campaigns of Hannibal

A CANDELABRA FIGURE FROM POMPEII: An exquisite statue turned to utilitarian purposes in the city that has lain buried for 2,000 years

THE PIAZZA DEL FORO—the largest square ever discovered in any city of the classical world—and the ruined foundations of the Temple of Peace at Pæstum

THE WALLS OF THE AMPHITHEATRE at Pæstum which have only recently been brought to light. Pæstum as an early Christian settlement underwent spoliation at the hands of Islam in the ninth century

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA: A specimen of Roman sculpture, which damaged the fisher folks' nets

Of the recent excavation work in Italy, that which has been taking place at Pæstum, famous for its two splendid great temples, has revealed much that was unknown to the traveller of a few years ago. One's *Baedeker*, for instance, gave one a plan of the city, which lies quite close to the Gulf of Salerno. In this plan the surrounding walls of the city were denoted and the position of the four great gates was also indicated. Within this area were the great temples of Ceres and Neptune and the many pillared Basilica, but there was little or no indication of the great Forum which has now been revealed, the built area of which is 57 metres wide and 140 metres long in the part so far brought to light. It is one of the most spacious forums known in Greek or Roman cities and not only gives us the lines of a magnificent architectural group, but likewise reveals to us among other things in the shops which surround it on every side, the primary and necessary elements of the economic life of Lucan and Roman Pæstum.

Part of this area is still strewn with great square blocks of stone and segments of columns, but a wide area is clear, and presents a striking scene to the visitor.

Other excavation work reveals the imposing nature of the Porta Marina which, together with other excavation work, shows that the fortification of ancient Poseidonia was very complete. One bastion, in particular, of the Porta Marina gives a vivid idea of the gateway as it must have appeared in its prime.

Remains of the great square bastion flank the roadway itself, while on the outer side of the gateway was an additional circular tower of considerable strength. Penetrating the ancient town was the Via Romana; it is now possible to stand on this roadway, the paving stones of which are still intact. On each side are larger kerbstones, and beyond are the masses of luxurious vegetation, of fern and acanthus, in which the inquisitive may discover grasshoppers, lizards, and small snakes.

One of the most imposing views which now greet the spectator is that of the city walls on the seaward side of Pæstum. Some ten or a dozen lines of masonry are here visible and beyond rise the sweeping mass of the Cilento Hills.

From the excavation of the walls one valuable datum above all, hitherto unknown, has been discovered in the history of Pæstum, which was considered to be a city of exclusively Hellenic or Greek structure; it has been seen, namely, that from the fourth century B.C. onwards, the Lucani, having conquered Pæstum had, to a great extent, reconstructed the works of defence with elements and a technique of Latin character.

Such are the visible remains of Pæstum. In all Italy there is no more interesting spot, says Mr. Arthur H. Norway in a brilliant description of the temples of Pæstum. Not Rome itself, which ruled the habitable world, has cast over mankind a spell so mighty as these Greek cities, which scarcely aimed at rule beyond their walls, and cared nothing for the lust of wide dominion. Conquest was not in their hearts, but the desire of beauty burned there more passionately than ever before or after, creating loveliness which has gone on breeding loveliness, and wisdom which has not ceased begetting wisdom, while kingdoms have crumbled into dust and conquerors have earned no better guerdon than forgetfulness; so that still men look back on the life of the Greek cities as the very flower of human culture, the finest expression of what may be achieved by heart and soul and brain aspiring together.

There are still Greeks in Italy who maintain themselves apart from the surrounding people, whom they call "Latinoi." Their language is unwritten. It differs from modern Romaic, and is apparently not derived from the Greek spoken in the cities of Magna Grecia.

UNDER A BLANKET OF SNOW: The camels of the Sven Hedin Expedition after a snow-storm in April. The beasts are asleep and rest warm beneath their snow coverings. They are laden with all manner of scientific instruments in connection with the meteorological experiments conducted on the Mongolian plain

THE KITE EMERGES from its underground hangar preparatory to a dawn ascent. Fastened to it are various scientific instruments—altimeters, thermometers, weather gauges, etc. To haul it down, with 3,000 yards of wire attached to it, to a height of 300 yards, takes some three-quarters-of-an-hour

THE LABORATORY IN THE DESERT: Between the tents is housed the barometer; the cases shelter various ray apparatus; platinum thermometers hang from the masts; in the background is the main station where the observation kites are kept in pits in the earth from which they are taken on every suitable morning

TRANSPORT IN THE DESERT: Various appliances and scientific paraphernalia piled on to a native wagon for experiments far afield from the settlement where most of the instruments are kept

EXPLORING THE AIR

Over Asia with Sven Hedin

On March 30, 1927, after having been called from Potsdam to China by Sven Hedin to join the scientific staff of the latter's great expedition, the German Meteorologist, Dr. Haude, started his work on the meteorological conquest of Central Asia. To-day, there are already four permanent stations which are also under the care of pupils of Dr. Haude. The following report by one of the assistants of Dr. Haude, gives a very vivid and clear idea of the work which is being carried on in China.

A short time ago a fresh rumour became current here to the effect that a new bandit leader bearing the name of "the man with the white hat" had established himself in front of Hami, and, in spite of this peaceful title, had already put many people to death. Otherwise the roads to Paotow and Kwatura are, however, at the present moment known to be quiet.

Our kites are now flown almost regularly in order, as Dr. Haude expresses it technically, to effect the first measurements in the free atmosphere of Central Asia. In the early morning, when a fresh wind is blowing, which unfortunately is not always the case, the kite is taken out of its cellar, and set up in front of the pile of cases, which at the same time serves as a dark room. Here, a final examination is made to make sure that everything is in order. In the meantime, Dr. Haude is occupied in preparing the meteorographic instruments for the ascent and notes the initial readings of the instruments. The winch is then uncovered, the instruments fitted into the kite, and the latter made fast to the wire.

The work of carrying out the "sky-bird," as the Mongolians term it, then begins. Dambit and Odburrung, our most skilful men, lift it up, whilst a Chinese student holds it by the tail, i.e. the rope. I hold up its head and in this way we proceed with the wind for a distance of about 400 to 500 yards, this distance depending entirely on the force of the wind. Suddenly there is a jerk on the wire. "Halt! lower gently." The Mongolians seize the kite and turn its head to the wind, the student quickly bearing on the landing rope. "Everything ready?" "Aye, Aye." I swiftly raise my arm, the men to windward start running, the Mongolians running with them for a little way, and on the command: "Let go," they release the kite which shoots upwards, accompanied by the good wishes of all, dragging the leading rope whistling behind it.

With a good wind, our bird rises rapidly and steadily, but in a slight, squally wind, it begins to perform the most fantastic dives, dancing up and down in the air, so that even the eagles, who often accompany it, turn tail in fright. When this happens, our Mongolians begin to whistle for a wind and are very proud if a strong gust comes along "which they have whistled up."

When the kite has done its work and has recorded the moisture, temperature, and altitude for about an hour, it is hauled down. The hand-winch has to be turned and as this is a tiring job, each man takes a turn. We all give a hand in the work, one man standing by, watch in hand, so as to call the next shift. With a wire 3,000 yards in length attached to the kite, about three-quarters of an hour is necessary to bring the latter down to a height of about 300 yards; then comes the moment of suspense. How will it land?

Will it land safely, or will it be smashed? It only requires a small sand spout or a strong gust to strike the kite at the wrong moment when it is very close to the ground, to cause it to dart off sideways and crash head first on to the hard ground of the steppe. Such accidents have now become rare, however, since, on days when violent gusts are prevalent, the landing rope is increased to twice its usual length. The rope is provided with an iron ring which has to be seized when the kite is approaching the ground. Three men deploy, each vying with the other to be the first to seize the ring. When one has laid hold of it, he runs swiftly in the direction in which the kite is pulling, whilst the other two run to meet the falling kite so as to prevent any hard impact.

Dr. Haude then takes the meteorological instruments so as to examine the results.

F. M.

FASCISM SEES IT THROUGH:

The Efforts to Maintain Discipline and a Spirit of Content in Defiance of a Falling Trade Balance and Hard Times Test all Il Duce's Ingenuity and Control

By FERDINAND TUOHY

GENOA.

Finding the silver lining is becoming an International pastime. Some discoveries may be on the nebulous side—as with the Americans who, turning from their biggest telescopes, announce, "We are learning to like simple things, the kitchen, the home, the countryside." Other cloud exploration gives more positive yield—as in the case of Fascist Italy. There can be small doubt as to Italy's silver lining. It is this: "We've been in subdued key for so long, having a thin time and getting used to it, that we don't notice the crisis to the same extent others do." Such renunciation and curtailment have perforce had to be practised by Italians, high and low, during the past decade, as dwellers of an ill-favoured land in the keeping of a proud one who will accept favours from nobody but means to win by a sustained display of character in difficult times (backed by a Talleyrand talent) . . . that the world maladjustment simply has not penetrated to Italian hearths so sharply as elsewhere. Some comfort also derives from the general reflection, among partisans and non-partisans alike, that the national affairs during the emergency could not be in more realistic hands than in fact, they are.

"If he can't do any better, no one else can." Here is observable a noteworthy play of Fascism in action. Unlike all other governmental processes save the Bolshevik, Fascism says in as many words to the masses, "You just carry on with your jobs and keep within your depth. You know nothing about running countries. We're looking after things; we've made a speciality of doing just that." The sequel, when crisis comes, is at least a philosophical acceptance of these professionals of administration. Not that I would suggest all has been irreproachably dutiful. We don't hear of these things, and as often as not Italians don't know of them themselves. It happens that newspapers sometimes print information in one town which is censored in the next: the manipulation of the Press, by a master journalist, attains dizzy heights, and is one reason why it is so hard to provide a faithful picture of contemporary Italy each time one visits her afresh.

Actually, trouble has signalled itself in three quarters, leading respectively to a warning, a cuffing, and to repressive measures. The sins were of weakening, of impatience, and of rebellion. The first showed itself in what presumably may still be called the upper and upper-middle classes, and may have been tinctured alike by sympathy for the tucked-away monarch, and by fear that the Duce was going more and more Socialist. Yet the attitude, defeatist, which communicated itself also devolved from the prolongation of dull, stern times. Whenever were these going to diminish? The restrictions, the self-denials, the eternal rigid disciplining! The Duce dealt with this moral lassitude by a severe admonition to mind p's and q's.

The impatience emanated from hothead ranks which considered the Leader was no longer being fiery enough. How often now did he shake a bayonet (in rhetoric) at the sky? He was going the way of all fifty-year-olds—growing tolerant, open to compromise, sheering away from violence! (And, in truth, the Mussolini of 1932 differs radically from the spatted, glaring, wonder who so astonished us at Lausanne in 1923, and whose chief concern seemed to be to have Poincaré and Curzon running round after him as had he been a film star, which, in effect, he closely resembled at that time.) The Duce handled the impatience by means of one of his periodic spring cleanings of the party which included musical chairs in the higher reaches. This is now become a regular occurrence. Procedure is simple. Ministers read in the inspired Press that their early return to the ranks is to be expected (such return being conveniently regarded as an honour). The marked Minister thereupon writes a stock letter beginning "Duce." And the latter responds with, "Sir, I recognize that you have the right to request a change and to return to the ranks of the blackshirts. Nevertheless, it is not without regret that I grant your wish." On the recent occasion, "the twins," Grandi and Balbo, were the only ones not to receive this blighting missive—albeit, it should be said that the changes are also operated in keeping with the Duce's idea of sharing out departmental experience among as many as possible during his lifetime. Musical chairs also bring freshness and new attitudes.

The repression—of peasant disorder—I deal with later.

In sum one can report that *Anno X* finds Fascism as securely in the saddle as ever, and tending to gain from a more favourable foreign reaction if hard put to it in the domestic field. Tremendous doings are being prepared for next October's tenth anniversary of the march on Rome; blackshirts are going to march in every direction, bawling *Giovinezza*. If we get through those days without the French Right calling for the fortification of Mont Blanc it will be something new. Meanwhile friend or foe must concede that Mussolini has already won something of his battle, namely, his determination that Rome shall, in the future, be respected as a first-class Government, ignored by none, indrawn into every political occasion of importance.

No better illustration of this is available than the current Paris desire to negotiate even should it mean Tardieu going to Rome, whither all roads are willed to lead, by the untravelling one. Gifted with an insight, perhaps, lacking in other quarters, the Italians are not unamused by the Frenchman's advertised optimism that things can be fairly easily arranged with Italy, "given goodwill." The Italians know better, know that it is going to be a long, long climb even in the very best of circumstances. They have their list of "just dues" and they are not going to be fobbed off with any sentimental stuff about the Latin sisterhood. (In point of fact Mussolini has distinctly engrained Anglo-Saxon characteristics in his merry men: restraint, even silence; and on, step by step, with the job, and strictly rationed gloire.)

A good idea of current Italian mentality is provided by the immense success of a skit on Tardieu in the *Secolo Illustrato*. The Frenchman falls asleep in his suite, after lunch, at Geneva, and he dreams—

> The International armed forces of the League of Nations have been formed, the Tardieu plan having been accepted amid frantic acclamation and on the motion of Chancellor Brüning himself. The League has confided to France the command of the new army. By the Arc de Triomphe the handing over ceremony is enacted. André Tardieu, mounted, takes the salute, as Supreme Commander. The various International divisions march past at the salute and proclaiming, "God protect France!" . . . The enthusiasm of the Russian division is indescribable. The Russians wield sickles and hammers and on the former are stuck Russian bonds being brought back to French rentiers. The enthusiasm reaches zenith with the passing of the French regiment. It is composed entirely of officers under the command of Napoléon Bonaparte, beside whom is little Briand as drummer. The League flag, red, white and blue, is confided to this contingent whose fanfare sounds the world hymn: "Allons, enfants de la Patrie . . ."
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> . . . The League Council has convened urgently. An extremely grave situation has arisen. The German Hitler, the same who formerly led the Nazis, has gone back to painting, and in the house of a rich merchant of Düsseldorf has decorated a bust of Goethe with the words "Deutschland über alles." No doubt is permissible. We are in the presence of a flagrant breach of the Treaty of Versailles. There are limits to everything. A country like Germany which supports and tolerates such rebellion from the status quo, must be visited with corresponding sanctions.
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> The International army advances across the Rhine. The generalissimo is in his tent. Towns, mines, banks, factories, have been occupied. The troops as one man answer to the genius commanding them. Even the population shows no resistance; rather, it acclaims liberating France. Yet perhaps Jewish finance may show opposition in Berlin. . .
>
> "I shall go there with the Bolivian division!"
>
> The generalissimo alights by the Brandenburger Tor and walks to the Reichstag. A great crowd welcomes the solitary figure while the steel helmets embrace the splendid Bolivian soldiery. The burgomaster approaches with bread, salt, pepper, the civic keys, and prays that at least the women and children may be spared. "At last Germans are freed from German slavery! The day of glory has arrived. . ."
>
> But the generalissimo knows no sentiment. The League does not pardon!
>
> . . . How cold it is on the Beresina. Still, one must continue. General Bonaparte has been attached to the staff and, routing in his memories, is able to furnish certain information. The generalissimo retains his smile. This expedition to Russia was necessary. In his new five year plan Stalin had stipulated for a fashion factory at Moscow; brazen economic move against the interests of France, and, in consequence, of Europe.
>
> The army advances over the ice and snow, the Chinese and Japanese in the van, linked as brothers. The army marches, marches, until it comes upon an immense conflagration. Moscow burns again, but this time under International bombs. The generalissimo watches Lenin's mausoleum go up in flames.
>
> A blank. Strange noises. The Council, once more. But now, raised voices, outstretched fists.

RIVETTED TO ROME sits the Presiding Spirit, who is more difficult, has known how to retain it. Il D which, like an English peerage, carries with

"Are you mad? To order the British fleet to bombard the English coast?"

"Every fleet is at the orders of the League."

THE BALILLA: Il Duce visits the great "Dux" camp of a young delegate a silver food-can of the Italian arm two of the great schemes inaugurated by Mussolini to a

Italy's Struggle with Problems of To-day

who has won respect for his country and, which
il Duce is seen wearing the Collar of the Annunciato,
with it the title of "King's Cousin"

The Swedish delegate is furious. "Your international forces have rekindled the War flame!"

"What of that? Clause B of article 37 of the Treaty of Versailles contains a paragraph C, the respect of which. . . ."

of the junior Fascist organization, and receives from
army pattern. The Balilla and the Dopolavoro are
to absorb the dynamic energy of the Italian character

A central fact of to-day is that France is anxious to re-acquire friends of texture, whereas Italy is not feeling particularly lonely. Ever a breeding centre of diplomatists di primo cartello, she has signed treaties with Jugo-Slavia, Greece, Turkey, Albania, Hungary and the Vatican, the last a really triumphant combinazione, which began in 1923 with the influential Cardinal Vanutelli preparing the Duce's daughter for her first communion during the summer holidays. Italy would gladly let bygones be bygones with France but—how about her five desiderata? Naval perequation, the retention of their Italian nationality by the 100,000 Italians of Tunis, rectification of the Libyan frontier, the claim to a mandatory concession, modifications in the Adriatic, that "marissima," "most bitter sea," of Gabrielle d'Annunzio? The Italian argument, of which we should hear more as we progressively get down to brass tacks in genuine effort to preserve the senior nations is this:—

"The engagements taken in London, on April 25, 1915, as a magnet to draw Italy into the War, have not been kept. Italy, at the signing of peace, was to be given Tyrol up to the Brenner, the province of Goritzia, Istria, Dalmatia with Fiume, several islands in the northern and western Adriatic, the port of Vallona with sufficient hinterland to maintain it, while the same pact included the following understanding: 'In the event of Britain and France increasing their African possessions at Germany's expense, they recognise that Italy could claim certain compensation, notably in rectification in her favour of the frontiers of Erythrea, Somaliland and Libya, and of colonies abutting on to British and French territories.' Thanks to President Wilson, Italy got neither Dalmatia nor Vallona. In Africa the British gave Jubaland and they let Koufra be incorporated in Tripolitania in 1926; as for France, she conceded a Tripoli frontier rectification extending the Italian zone to Mount Tummo. Whereas Britain took nearly 2,000,000 square miles of territory as a result of the War, and France, half as much, Italy had to rest content with 100,000 square miles."

That there is nothing doing with Mussolini, in the way of finality, until something is done about the above, is the view of competent Britons in Italy. It is deep down at the centre of things. Expansion must be accorded in some shape or form to a nation which thinks it was "done in the eye" in 1919, which has since seen the U.S. immigration door banged and bolted on what used to be a yearly exodus of 400,000 mostly young men, and which knows only the reverse of birth control (in passing, it may be time the Leader ceased encouraging further record fertility).

Britain and France might not be such losers in the long run if they took up Italian expansion, since at present the blackshirt policy of slow insinuation in places like Tunis, Egypt, Malta, is apt to be an intermittent nuisance. One of the two reasons Italy is not against disarming revolves round the ultimate chances of this bloodless insinuation, the cherished dream being that certain territories may some day gravitate warlessly back to the city of the Cæsars. (The second reason is, of course, that Fascism hopes for a cheap arms equality which would mean all starting from zero in the future.)

How much store Rome puts on this insinuation business is evidenced by the acute annoyance provoked when anyone puts a spoke in the wheel, as when we restricted the Italian tongue in Malta recently. Odd to think that stopping Maltese brats massacring Italian should have political import, yet interfere it does, with subtle and far-projecting blackshirt ambition.

The desirability of giving the Duce something tangible to show soon, imposes itself from a cursory survey of domestic conditions. The risk of a little leading to an appetite for more certainly exists yet should not be impossible of guarding against. A much-needed lightening of the task of keeping the lira above water might be an adjunct of settlement. At all events, *settlement* is what nine-tenths of articulate Italy is patiently awaiting, and probably the other tenth too. War talk is not so fashionable. Times are pretty bad, things are being stretched towards the limit, and have already led to food riots in various parts of the country, naturally minimised if not hushed up. Mussolini is fortunate to be ruling people with so frugal a standard—olives, cheese, bread, wine, pasta, for countless thousands. In no other leading country could such attenuated rationing prevail. The Reich's larder is costly compared to it. It is fortunate, too, that the régime can so directly control and regulate the whole country. The Fascist machine holds the economic and financial crisis firmly from a thousand points between Taranto and the Brenner. It is an absorbing spectacle of doing much with little.

Early in 1931 Mussolini ordered a general wage reduction of 12 per cent., at the same time stipulating for a corresponding decline in the cost of necessities. For a time some relief was afforded but as the slump developed in succeeding months into positive stagnation all benefit was lost. Freely, in industry and agriculture, wages are now down by anything from 25 to 50 per cent. beside "pre-Wall Street," September, 1929, henceforward historic date and landmark for us all. And owing to increased taxation and higher customs barriers, the cost of living has not ceased to go up. The casual intruder may wonder if the burden now resting on Italians is not beyond their strength. Industry, agriculture, and foreign trade are all three in the severest straits. The first, despite constant subsidizing from ever-emptying State coffers, shows a northern Italy containing the bulk of the round million who are unemployed. The famous "battle of wheat," by which Mussolini hoped to make the country self-sufficing in bread, has not succeeded, and labour on the land, unable to make the slightest profit, is in dire case. As for trade, the commercial balance is right down and still sinking.

Heroic economies and amalgamations are launched but the sky does not brighten. State functionaries witness their salaries contract and contract, by way of example. One reads in one's morning paper that the whole shipping situation of Italy has been revolutionized overnight: Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, has arbitrarily divided the maritime companies, great and small, into two wings, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. Scores of ships are to be laid up. Fascism can do these things. It can also order gigantic public works, in order to give employment, such as the project for a tunnel under the Straits of Messina, or for the unmaking of Venice-as-island. An omnipotent régime can even say to people on the land, "you just stay where you are, crisis or no crisis! Don't you dare come to the cities!" Because the available dole is so scanty, the utmost has to be wrung from other ways and means. For its valiant striving in this direction current Italy alone affords an object lesson.

In each province is a central committee, to which all funds come, official and private, and which is in direct touch with every commune. The degree of aid to be accorded is settled by representatives of the Corporations, employers and employed, and a good deal of it takes the form of popular kitchens and necessities in kind. Not much money passes. Side by side with this relief goes an intricate sharing out of a maximum of work. Mussolini is dead against one man doing eight hours at a machine—that sort of thing. He should do two or three, and be satisfied, and let his neighbour do the like. Naturally, the thing bristles with difficulties.

A total of "working days available" is centralized at headquarters from reports received from every branch of employment. These days are ladled out to the more deserving cases—provided, of course, the out-of-work is capable. All employers of labour, whether industrial, agricultural, commercial, domestic, liberal professions, have to report their "working days available."

In dismissing personnel, employers must first dispense with those who are favourably situated, can get other jobs, who have no one dependent on them, who draw pensions, or have private means. Working hours should always be first reduced in order to stave off dismissals; and the system of giving such work as offers, in rotation, must govern administration. It is as if, in an office, A worked three hours, three days a week, alternating with B and C doing likewise. All overtime ruled out, also work on holidays of which there are now close on forty during the year. New holidays, I was told, are still being invented to ease matters.

The grim struggle is alleviated by the fortunate influence of the Dopolavoro system (afterwork-education—entertainment). This fills in time when men, women, and children would otherwise be itching to spend money to distract themselves. "Afterwork" takes the form of admission at half-price to cinemas, concerts, lectures. It substitutes itself for café-sitting, when discontent is most apt to be voiced and such awkward questions asked as, "supposing the militia and the Fascist machine didn't exist; Doesn't it cost a vast amount more than normal government?"

"Afterwork" was a great discovery for Fascism. The masses are shepherded to calm-making recreations and to such self-improvement as may be opted for; they are kept out of mischief, and from bewailing their lot. All who wish it are thoroughly "taken care of" by Dopolavoro which is just now winning hands down for its benign intervention in moneyless, grey times. Somewhat similarly, matters are made easier for the régime by the fact of two million of the youth of Italy, of both sexes, having much of its spare time occupied by Balilla drilling and athletic activities of all kinds, State-controlled, costing as good as nothing, and filling in the hours. Italy is already, against her will, something of a Leisure State, and she is having to learn the first lesson of that supposedly halcyon condition: how to fill the hours unspendingly.

Riveted to Rome sits the presiding spirit. He has won respect for his country and, what is more difficult, has known how to retain it. He has brilliant servitors in such International successes as Grandi.

Now he is denouncing commercial accords, now fashioning new ones. Or telling the world of Italy's conditions for disarming, for her blessing of a Danube Zollverein. Worry, he naturally must. The protracted thin times have got on people's nerves. The future is such a question mark. Mussolini worries particularly over machines. He sits down and writes an article about it and sends it, off his own bat, to a Paris agency. Paris is astonished at such a come-down. Can he need money? Yes. His article is bringing French francs iuto Italy.

The WORLD SURVEYED

CHEAP JACQUES: The great *braderie*, or street fair, held at St. Denis, near Paris. A Queen was elected and the entire event was organized on the lines of the fairs of the Middle Ages with hawkers crying their wares etc.

THE FATAL PET: *Nanosch*, the leopard pet in the household of Herr von Othegraven, the big game hunter, which killed the child of a servant in the house and mauled the servant. Herr von Othegraven, who allowed the beast unusual liberty, and exposed members of his own family to its caresses, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment

ROYAL SPORTSMEN: The two sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Bertil (left) and Prince Carl John eagerly attend every motor-cycle event held within their range

IN THE GRIP OF WINTER: A picture from Stockholm Harbour of a steamer which had had a severe voyage in the Baltic. The vessel gleamed eerily in the moonlight and by day was dazzling in the sun

HONOUR TO THE FALLEN: The impressive ceremonial in honour of Lieut.-Commander Sogi and twenty-nine soldiers killed in the recent Sino-Japanese warfare at Shanghai. The funeral rites were observed on the parade ground of the Yokosuka Marines. *On right* the plain deal coffins, in contradistinction to the elaborate obsequies, are to be seen

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS: A Naval Bone of Contention

NINE MILLION POUNDS were spent by the U.S. Government on the aircraft carrier, *Saratoga*, (33,000 tons), as on her sister ship, *Lexington*

Inset—A NEST OF FIGHTERS: U.S.S. *Saratoga* at speed with her take-off deck crowded

OVER FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILLION POUNDS was spent by Britain on H.M.S. *Eagle*, here seen at Rio

Inset—A FLOATING AERODROME: H.M.S. *Courageous* with a fleet of machines on her flying deck

One of the greatest complaints of the naval economist is that since the War the Great Powers have been rushing into the construction of aircraft carriers on a huge scale without there being any immediate need of the type. The expenditure has been enormous, for the floating aerodrome is by far the most extravagant naval type, and the opinion of many naval officers is that the bulk of this money has been thrown away. Nobody suggests, of course, that the aircraft carrier is not a very essential unit in a modern fighting fleet, and one that is becoming more essential every day. The complaint is that the various Admiralties, except the Italian, were in too much of a hurry. Ten years ago the naval constructors' accepted view was that nothing of less than 20,000 tons could be trusted to fulfil the functions of a carrier, able to launch machines and to offer them a safe landing ground when they were spent. The British Admiralty was bitterly condemned for thinking of *H.M.S. Hermes* of only 10,950 tons.

So Britain, Japan, and the United States started to convert big ships into aircraft carriers. H.M.S. *Eagle*, 22,600 tons, which was laid down as a Chilian battleship, cost us over £4,600,000, and nobody knows quite how much we paid for the 19,000 ton *Furious*, *Glorious*, or *Courageous*, or how much has been spent on them since. The Americans admit to over £9,000,000 apiece for the 33,000-ton *Saratoga* and *Lexington*. The trouble is that if they had been like Italy and waited a little they would have saved huge sums. Modern improvements in aircraft and in the catapult launching gear permit a 10,000 carrier to do practically all that a 20,000 tonner could. From every point of view, particularly strategical, a larger number of small carriers is far better than a few giants.

F. B.

THE SMILING MR. COSGRAVE bids a temporary farewell to power. His measures for securing justice have immediately been abrogated by his successor, the Spanish dancing master's son

THE SPANIARDS of

Ireland is the most charmingly paradoxical country in the world. I know that this is no new discovery. I know that this is only a snap verdict after a few days. But then, I am writing this while I am still able to see the trees despite the wood. The Irish are more illogical than the men and more intuitive than the women of any other nation on earth. They are the people who were approved of in the New Testament. They will laugh if you laugh and cry if you cry. In the meantime they will hunt, shoot, or go steeplechasing. When a reporter this week-end was told in Dublin that it was lucky to spit into the Liffey, a man immediately jumped into the river to commit suicide, and if the reporter had not pulled him out he would have been drowned.

In Ireland it would not have surprised me at all if the wireless had answered me back when I muttered some protest at the dullness of the programme although it was English. The waiters are conversational—quite impersonally so. The chauffeurs constitute themselves charming companions.

A girl I know was asked by the Customs if she had any forbidden books with her. She admitted that she had brought one.

"Wan?" inquired the official, "Sure, that's all right?"

In Ireland up to last week-end there has been no rain since January 9. The fairways of the Portmarnock course—the St. Andrews of Ireland—are positively burnt up. Mr. de Valera is simultaneously General now of two armies that have been at each other's throats for years—the Free State Army and the Republican Army. Yes, it is a mad, delightful country.

None of the crises through which Ireland has passed has altered her traditional generosity. Four-ball matches, even when they have a standing on the course, wave you through. Men who are listening enthralled to the broadcast account of an Irish International will at once get up and play golf with you if you ask them. They applaud your flukes when you sink an approach shot. As the guest of the Irish Hospitals Trust last week I was given the run of the City—motor-cars at my service whenever I wanted them; and everything from champagne to beer being mine for the asking. And all the time the soft, caressing brogue coaxing one to accept further hospitality.

Ireland is certainly the most Oriental country west of Suez. There is little or no sense of time, even to-day, among the lower classes. There is a charming fecklessness, with, however, a true vein of Eastern ruthlessness underlying it, that cannot be understood until you have experienced it. You have ex-gunmen who are devoted to charity. You find de Valera starting off his reign of office with an economy cut in his own salary. I asked Sir Valentíne Grace if he could tell me a story that would be typical of an Irishman, and would contrast the difference between him and an Englishman. This was his story:

"An Irish peasant," he said, "who had never a shilling to bless himself with, came into a fortune of ten pounds. The priest asked him how he was going to spend it.

"'I shall buy a buck goat,' he said.

"'And where will you be keeping it?' asked the priest.

"'Under my bed,' was the reply.

"'Sure, the smell will be powerful, Pat, won't it.'

"'Yes, but the goat will have to get used to it.'"

Dublin boasts only one night club. It is called "The Silver Slipper," reminiscently of Mrs. Meyrick. Instead of being a stuffy cellar, the dance floor is in a very cold upper room, and it is crowded until 5 a.m. every morning. What other country would think of turning its House of Commons into the National Bank?

An English girl who has been living in Dublin for six months says that she will never go back to England despite her first morning in the Irish Capital. She and another girl arrived at a boarding-house and were shown into a bedroom without a stick of furniture. When they protested that there was no bed, the landlady took them to the next floor. There was no bed in this room either. Again they protested.

"Holy God, said the landlady, "come with me higher." On the top floor she pushed them both into a room with another girl in the only bed.

"Sure, you can sleep here," she said, and left them.

When I bought a newspaper from a boy at a street corner he said, "Will I call you a taxi?" I said, "You will," and he did. In a search for some friends I accidentally broke into a large private dance at the Metropole. In any other city I would have gone as soon as I realized my mistake. On this occasion—for a Paul Jones had just started—I danced with nine different and extremely pretty girls, all of whom were very light on their feet. Nobody asked me who I was. Each girl started humming the words of the tune that was being played. It was all extremely good fun.

The Irish are an extraordinary mixture of fatalism and optimism. How they can reconcile the two qualities I do not know, but they all do. When I cut myself shaving I went to the hotel hairdresser for a bit of that astringent stuff one used in such emergencies. The hairdresser insisted on sitting me down in his chair, putting a towel round my neck, and brushing my hair before he applied the astringent. For a moment I thought that in his efforts to please the foreigner he was going to throw in a face massage.

Actually, though I have never been in Ireland before, I am half-Irish (and half-Bavarian). When I was in Bavaria last summer I felt highly Bavarian. Now I am feeling very Irish. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the Minister of Defence until a few days ago, called on me at the Shelbourne Hotel. But although he was who he was, and though I was a guest in the hotel, we were not allowed anything to drink until 2 p.m. as it was a Sunday. Mr. Fitzgerald looks like a poet or a painter, except for his very steady eyes. At the moment he is feeling temperamentally pessimistic about the future, and particularly about the next few days. For Holy Week is always liable to produce an unholy row, particularly in Dublin. And now that the I.R.A. is smiled upon once more by the authorities, anything may happen.

Mr. Fitzgerald thinks that De Valera must have come to some arrangement, and made some promise to the Republicans which he will he unable to carry out when the time comes. In the meanwhile, the possible presence of 15,000 men in military formation, even though not in uniform, is liable to prove a disturbing factor, and give their leaders a sense of power which, Mr. Fitzgerald says, can only be counterbalanced by machine-guns. For the Irish can often be plain spoken. The average English politician would use some more delicate periphrasis—like "a superior force"—for so blunt and lethal a substantive. At the present minute the official Irish army numbers 5,500 men, with "A" reserves and "B" reserves and volunteer reserves on tap which amount in all to 17,000. They are, says Mr. Fitzgerald, extremely well trained and well armed. The unemployed (officially registered) are only 32,000, though it is estimated that there are another 60,000 who are not registered. Another interesting fact about Ireland to-day is that it is only in the last six months that the income tax has gone up to 3s. 6d. in the pound. It is true that the Budget does not yet balance, but it was getting nearer to this ideal every year. It is highly improbable, however, that the Budget, as formulated by the late Government, will be passed without very considerable modifications by de Valera.

The Oath of Allegiance also raises a pretty point. The clause in the Treaty says, "The oath to be taken is . . ." De Valera says that this can be read to mean "If an oath is taken it is to be . . .", which is quite another story. Will there be any more shooting? Well, it all depends.

I was talking to an Englishman who was in the last trouble and had to go across country about fifty miles to Kenmare. All the bridges had been broken down, but he negotiated them all until he came to one which had a small new padlocked gate at the only point where it was possible for his hired side-car to go through. After twenty-five minutes he discovered that the local blacksmith had erected it and was charging a personal, private toll of 3d. a person. When he got to his destination he found that it had been arranged between the commanders of the rival forces to start a battle punctually at six o'clock the following morning. He left at five. The reason for his visit had been to learn the details of the theft of fifty tons of flour which had been stolen from a ship belonging to his company. The value was about £1,200. He went to Dublin, put in his claim at the Government offices, and was immediately paid cash. Imagine how long that would have taken in Whitehall—with all the red tape and official memoranda preceding it.

In Ireland, if you see a ruin, you cannot be sure whether it was one of those that "Cromwell knocked about a bit," or merely a police barracks which had been destroyed a few years ago. Most of the quality in Ireland live in vast houses which they cannot keep up properly. They seldom come into the towns, though on Saturday night at Gresham's Hotel you see as smart a gathering as you do anywhere in Mayfair on a Sunday night. At this time of year there are still at least three point-to-point meetings every week. And the notice board of your hotel will be placarded with the meets of at least half a dozen packs from the Galway Blazers to the South Kildare Hunt. Racing in Ireland, particularly over the flat, has deteriorated a good deal in recent years. The prize money and gates are far lower than they used to be, though you may be sure that on St. Patrick's Day there was a tremendous crowd of people at Baldoyle race-course, and no doubt at Leopardstown and Punchestown too.

But greyhound racing is coming along very fast. Indeed, I had hardly sat down in the bar of the Lady Munster on my way across from Liverpool before I was offered a "grand greyhound" by a total stranger. I was wearing a bowler hat, you see, so I was obviously an Englishman, and probably a mug.

It so happened that at the quay I took a taxi, so there was no question of what I had to pay the driver. Another man took a horse-cab, and when he arrived and asked what he owed, the driver said "I'll leave it to you." The Englishman, before producing two shillings, said, "You are taking a chance." The driver looked sadly at the two shillings and said gloomily, "Troth and I did," but he did not complain. An English girl beat a driver of a cab down from 4s. 6d. to 1s. for a four-mile ride last week. When she reached her destination she found that her friends were not at home.

"Will you take me back for nothing?" she asked the driver.

"Sure I will," said the driver, and personally put the rugs round her to keep her feet warm.

"You know," said the girl afterwards, "I believe he just wanted companionship, that was all, even though I was sitting behind him."

The other day Aubrey Hammond, who was responsible for the decoration of the Irish Sweep drum,

THERE ARE TWO ARMIES in Dublin to-day It is to be hoped that military presence

the NORTH

An Impression of Dublin and the Irish Under de Valera Last Week

By

CHARLES GRAVES

Author of "Gone Abroad"

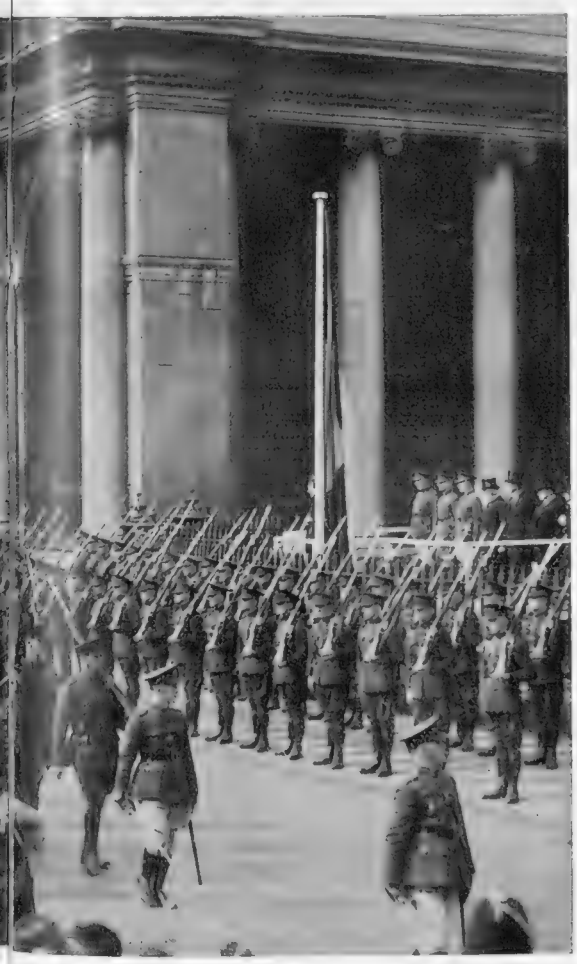
asked Mr. Warren, the engineer who constructed it, for the usual blue prints and measurement, so as to go ahead with his design. "Impossible" said Mr. Warren. "I made it out of my own head."

"Sure," said Mr. O'Sheehan, the director of the draw, "I had no idea it was constructed of wood."

In 1916 a friend of Aubrey Hammond's was on his way back from Punchestown races, which took place on the day the Rebellion started. Suddenly he was held up by six villainous-looking Sinn Feiners armed to the teeth, who bundled him out of the car and left him in the road. After they had driven two hundred yards, one of them came back, to the horror of the Englishman, who thought he was going to be shot. "Excuse me, sorr" said the gunman, "But could ye tell us what won the 4.30?"

Oh yes, the Irish are paradoxical enough. Look at the price of Irish whiskey—it is 16s. a bottle, 6d. more than the imported Scottish variety. That reminds me of my chauffeur's story yesterday. "Two old women were discussin' the times," he said. "Wan said, 'Sure, times do be terrible with the price of food so high.' 'Yes' said the other, tearfully. 'Think of it, a small glass of whiskey for tinpence.'" When I was at the Silver Slipper, Kitty, the barmaid, who comes from Waterford, sold me a 3s. ticket for her benefit-night dance, and persuaded me to give it to the manageress to make sure that the latter would come. That shows you what Ireland can do to you.

When the 300 girls dressed up in Napoleonic uniforms (that is Irish if you like) had spent the whole day pushing the Sweepstake trucks and mixing the counterfoils for the final time, the photographers insisted on posing them. This took half an hour. When this was done, the movie cameramen wanted to pose them all over again. Whereupon one of the girls, who had a glorious voice, proceeded to sing the whole of Tosti's "Serenade." No accompaniment.



—the Free State forces and the battalions of the I.R.A. does not involve military activity!

THE REAL IRELAND: The traditional pursuit and transport of Erin—gathering peat for fuel with the aid of the patient ass

No encouragement. Just sheer spontaneity. What English girl would do that?

When my father was fishing for conger-eel in South Ireland he pulled aboard a whopping great conger, tail flapping and jaws gnashing. "Hand me the axe, your honour," said the fisherman with him. "I'll pacify the baste."

I ordered beetroot with my cold beef and ham at my hotel last week. The beetroot did not arrive until I'd finished the meal. "Sure," said the waiter, as he finally brought it, "I'm tellin' yez, 'tis a powerful long way to the kitchen."

Somebody has described Dublin as being nothing but a glorified Bloomsbury. That is a very superficial and erroneous picture. Dublin is entirely foreign. It is, moreover, the only capital city in the world the "West End" of which is on the south side. The Irish railways still have the broad gauge which is only maintained outside Ireland in Soviet Russia and Spain.

Spain, indeed, furnishes the clue to the Irish. The historian or biologist who said that the Irish were the Spaniards of the North was entirely right. There are dozens of points of similarity between the two nations. The *mañana* atmosphere, the courtesy, lack of self-consciousness, and occasional cruelty could not be duplicated, or rather triplicated, anywhere else. Both are countries where the Church has been all-powerful for centuries, though this is no longer true of Spain.

Both lots of inhabitants are charming if a little sinister. When I went out to Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald's lovely place at Bray, there were two very tough-looking fellows dodging in and out of the hedges and out-houses. Here again the paradoxicality of Ireland showed itself. The blue anemones were nearly over a fortnight ago. We saw the last of last year's roses still blooming. For the roses are in flower from May to March. The daffodils were fully grown nearly a month ago. I was shown pink and white blue-bells. Even the blackbirds and thrushes are fooled and have been singing since February.

Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald's house is full of French novels, and he will quote any poet and philosopher you care to name. He also tells of his visit to Tralee not long ago when an old fellow went into the Post Office—it was a Thursday—and asked for his old-age pension which was due the following day.

"Where would I be if I did that and then you died on me?" asked the Post Office girl as she refused the request.

"Sure these modern girls have no sinse" said the old man to Mr. Fitzgerald as he stumped away.

When my brother Philip was at Killarney last year an old woman came up to him and asked how "Master Alfred" was keeping. My father, to whom she was referring, was eighty-five years old at the time.

When my guest at dinner on the night before the draw for the Irish Sweep carefully asked for Scottish whisky, he was brought Irish Whiskey with equal care by the wine-waiter. When he protested gently, the waiter was quite unabashed.

"Ah" said he, we are all Irish to-night, and so will you be if ye get a horse to-morrow." The Hope-Johnsons had a shoot, the beating of which was so badly done that the head-keeper was severely reprimanded. Two minutes later he was heard to say to his men "That was after being a tarrible business. Now yez divide yourselves into three equal halves and divil a wan of yez will stir until he is over the burn."

When an American journalist flew over to Dublin last week from London, the flight only took two hours and twenty minutes. But on his arrival the Customs man was not prepared for him, and he had to wait another two-and-a-half hours—ten minutes longer than he took to come from England—before he was allowed to leave the Flying Field.

When Mr. David Tennant came over to Dublin two months ago to take up a new job with the Paramount Film Company, the Customs man at the quay—for he had come by way of Liverpool—said admiringly "Sure, that's a divil a lot of luggage for wan young man like you to bring with him."

You may say that all these details are uncorrelated. So is a patchwork quilt, and yet you can get an idea of it all. And, indeed, that is the only way you can set about a description of Ireland. A young man who has been over here for a short time gave me a long account of himself and his reactions to the Irish.

"There is more gambling and hard drinking in Dublin," he said, "than in any other city I know, and yet if you go into a public-house the people who are there already will not raise their glasses to their lips until you have gone. The Irish are tremendous sportsmen. I have not yet played a single round of golf for less than £1, and they always insist on double or quits on the bye, and another double or quits on the remainder of the holes if there are any.

"Flattery is a most important quality. You must always say charming eighteenth-century things to the people you meet. And yet, although they are tremendously hail-fellow-well-met when you meet them, they do not really let you into their real feelings unless they have made up their mind that there is a streak of Irishism in you. Living is much cheaper here than it is in England—except, of course, for clothes. Women's clothes in particular are extremely expensive."

One of the most entrancing men I have ever met rejoices in the name of Senator-Doctor Oliver St. John Gogarty. It is a rollicking name and you might suppose that the owner of it was a big bluff man. Senator Gogarty, in real life, is a slim man with pince-nez and a cruel wit. He is going to America next January to lecture on "Incredible Culture." I prophesy that he will be a riot. He is a brilliant mimic, like all clever Irishmen. He is generous to a degree—viewing life with complete detachment. His stories of the great Professor Tyrrell are immense. It really seems as though Trinity College, Dublin, is now the only really pagan place in the Western Hemisphere. It is certainly the only place where the ancient Athenian would feel himself at home if he came to life again. Incidentally, the undergraduates of Trinity College, or so I am told, are always locked up when there is trouble brewing in the way of a political meeting. For you must not judge the undergraduates by the professors.

Four final things. They pronounce "Dail" as though it rhymed with "boil"; my chambermaid at my Dublin hotel shook her head when I asked for something, so I thought she only understood Erse until she said "I no spika da Inglis"; the French Minister in Dublin speaks English with an Irish-French accent; and the most distinguished-looking man in Ireland has the remarkable title of the Marquis McSwiney.

WHERE CROCODILES ARE

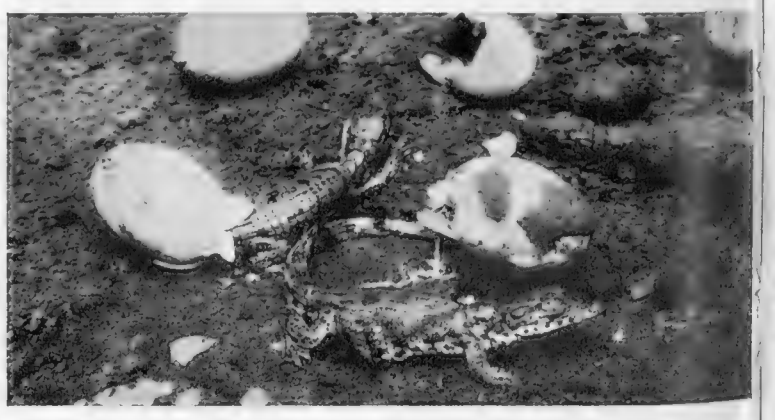
"I WILL BUILD ME A HOUSE": A Turkana warrior constructs his dwelling. This tribe persecutes the crocodiles in its immediate vicinity for food with the result that, in contrast to those dwelling on Central Island, they cannot be photographed, and only with difficulty even shot

THE SHORE OF CENTRAL ISLAND: The black lava shingle was so hot that at high noon it burned the feet of members of the expedition through the soles of heavy leather footgear. The *fauna* of the island are remarkably tame for the island has never before been visited by man

A CAMP ON THE SHORES OF A RIFT VALLEY LAKE: The African lakes can be divided into two distinct types; those which occupy the floors of the great rift valleys, of which Rudolf in the eastern rift and Albert and Tanganyika in the western rift are outstanding examples, and those which occupy shallow basins outside the rift valleys, for instance, the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Kioga

A LAKE WITHIN A LAKE: Crater Lake on Central Island, Lake Rudolf. The island is roughly two miles square and has a central ridge rising 600 ft. above lake level

DECEPTIVE FEROCITY: Despite his menacing aspect, this crocodile and his brethren on Central Island are so tame that to shift them from a spot in which they bask, several stones must be flung at them



CROCODILES HATCHING: An amusing scene on Central Island where the great reptiles are fantastically tame. The crocodiles travel only very short distances by water

The remarkable thing about the animals of Central Island was their astonishing tameness. Stepping on to the shore, members of the expedition were reminded of Charles Darwin's account of the Galapagos Islands. They erected camp beds on the shingle close to the water's edge and, in the morning, little birds came hopping round settling on the beds. The crocodiles were still more remarkable in this way; it was possible to walk up close to them as they basked on the shores of the crater lakes—a great contrast to the crocodiles near the base camp, where they were persecuted by the Turkana for food and were almost impossible to shoot and quite impossible to photograph. The Central Island crocodiles, however,

TAME : Exploring an Unknown Crater Island on Lake Rudolf—a Record of the Cambridge Expedition with Notes from the Published Narratives of its Leader, Mr. E. B. Worthington of Caius College

MANNEQUINS OF THE DESERT: Turkana girls in their scanty attire, dazzling teeth, and multiplicity of necklaces

COIFFURE DE LUXE: A Turkana woman. The tribe lives on the shores of Lake Rudolf, bordering Abyssinia, Sudan, and Kenya Colony

CRATER LAKE: The dark green water is alive with giant water tortoises and crocodiles. *On right* a baby hippo rescued from the Turkana and restored to its mother from whom it had been washed away by a storm

having never seen man and having no other enemies, showed no interest at man's approach and, on occasions, stones were thrown upon their heads from two to three yards' range before they would consent to move from their hiding places. In spite of their complete adaptability to water life, crocodiles did not seem to traverse big stretches of open water, and so these tame crocodiles must have lived for many generations without mixing with those of the other shores of Lake Rudolf. Another instance of this was to be found in Lake Victoria. Almost in the middle of that lake a little island called Godsiba was entirely free from crocodiles, and consequently it was possible to bathe there with impunity, although all other parts of the Victoria shores were very dangerous. The nearest mainland was thirty-six miles away, and the crocodiles had never traversed this stretch of open water.

BOOKS—

Biography at last Escapes from Stracheyism

By CECIL ROBERTS

If we are to believe many of the smart young men of the Stracheyan age of biography, this Empire of ours was built up in the nineteenth century by a host of ninnies. Not only the Empire, but our literature was created by simpletons and half-wits. There was Tennyson, whose jingle amused our grandfathers; and Dickens, whose sentimental slush made our grandmothers lachrymose; and Mr. Swinburne, who did his best to appear naughty with a cream trifle made up of wave-spume, babies, and misbehaved nymphs. But what could one expect of a nation ruled by a stiff old lady in endless black, and a people intoxicated by the Crystal Palace Exhibition of Albert the No Good?

The Great War sent the Coburg stock even lower. Albert was a German, and his contaminating blood must be forgotten. A race that has given us Bechstein pianos in our drawing-rooms and provoked the Albert Memorial in our Park merited extermination. Is all that only ten years ago? Here we have a book that puts Albert back on to his pedestal, not the cruet-stand that suggested oil and vinegar to those passing between the Hall and the Statue, and proves that to be good one need not be a nincompoop, and to be mourned by one's widow for over thirty years is not a thing for derision.

In his book, *Albert the Good* (Cobden-Sanderson. 25s.), Mr. Hector Bolitho has made biography a creditable art once more. He has not yielded himself to fancy, travestied fact, and relied upon satire for entertainment. An imaginative treatment has been severely harnessed to honest documentation. He reconstructs but avoids invention, he amuses without leering, and succeeds in making goodness attractive. He has, of course, been fortunate in his resources. The archives of the House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha have been placed at his disposal and these have yielded many new letters. Mr. Bolitho has devised a most ingenious system of providing the reader with a key to the documents upon which he bases his statements. By numeration the reader is referred to a list of references at the end of the book, and this neat method leaves the text unfettered by footnotes and parentheses, yet supplies at once the justification for the opinion expressed or the fact stated.

Mr. Bolitho has very skilfully set the scene. We meet the young girl who is destined to be Prince Albert's mother. We attend her wedding to Prince Ernst of Saxe-Coburg. The rift in their union which promised such happiness is slowly developed and, for all her frailties, one does not lose sympathy with Princess Luise. Of one malicious charge Mr. Bolitho disposes. It had been hinted that Prince Albert had Jewish blood in his veins as the result of his mother's unfaithfulness. Mr. Bolitho shows that his mother's lapse occurred long after the birth of her son Albert. She died in Paris at the age of thirty, divorced and married to Count von Polzig, and passes out of the story a pathetic figure.

Side by side with his study of the young Albert, Mr. Bolitho develops the story of the little Princess Victoria at Kensington. Finally comes the momentous visit of the Prince to his cousin, the courtship, and the young Queen's sudden decision. "He must be aware of why she had sent for him. It would make her 'too happy' if he would consent to what she wished."

It is to Mr. Bolitho's credit that he has taken the ridicule out of the attachment "the Good." Prince Albert was good, but he was not a prig. He was slow but able, solemn but human, and he took a course of conduct that slowly brought him to a position of tremendous influence. His queen was young, obstinate, frivolous. He taught her to live quietly, to yield to mature advice. What is seldom realized is that this Prince was a lad of only twenty when he married the Queen of England. He was received with suspicion and resentment, his position was ill-defined, he brought a code of strict morals to an English society decidedly rakish, and he won the complete loyalty of a woman of determined will. "Don't think I lead a submissive life; on the contrary, here, where the position of the man is as it is, I have formed a prize life for myself."

Mr. Bolitho has chosen the paragraphic method, and proceeds strictly by date. This gives the book a staccato note, but its clearness and accuracy are greatly enhanced, and he has told his story with continuous charm and interest. Prince Albert is changed from a figure of ridicule to one of respect. Another Victorian has been proved worthy of a great age.

The book is beautifully produced with five delightful contemporary colour prints. Twenty-five shillings seems a lot for a book, but I doubt if any reader, on reaching the last page, will cavil at the price of perfection.

A year ago Mr. Frank Chancellor chose for his subject the Prince Consort. An excellent book has now been eclipsed by Mr. Bolitho's final word. As if anticipating this, Mr. Chancellor has now given us a study, *Sarah Churchill* (Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.). I do not think he will suffer eclipse again for he has written a most admirable biography of this remarkable woman. A few days before opening this book it happened that I visited Blenheim Palace for the first time, and stood amazed before that tremendous pile. We shall never again see an age in which human beings will live on such grandiose lines. One wonders how any man, preserving a sense of proportion, could have considered living in such a gigantic place, or have found the wealth to support such splendour. Looking at Blenheim the other day, I found myself wondering how many more years will elapse before it follows Stowe and Westonbirt and becomes a school. Even Sarah Churchill was frightened by the size of the place, and finally she got rid of the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh. The Duke never saw it finished. The obdurate lady had the satisfaction of denying Sir John admission when one day he wished to show his lady the place.

Mr. Chancellor has given us a life of Sarah Churchill, not of her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and, despite the exploits of that great soldier, he is right to concentrate upon the Duchess. The story of her decline and fall is a fascinating one. Much erroneous history, taught me in my youth, had placed in my mind the conviction that she was a wicked, godless, corrupt woman. A generation brought up, as I was, on Oman's wildly prejudiced history has much need to change its views, and Mr. Chancellor has given me an entirely fresh estimate of this very able, iron-willed, quarrelsome woman. She was a fighter to the end. She had a gift for acquiring land and losing friends. A kindness to a cousin undid her. She lived for power but married for love, and never regretted it. This is the pleasant portrait of a determined woman which Mr. Chancellor draws, and without twisting facts or resorting to whitewash, his Sarah remains an admirable woman in many respects. As a biographer he has the gift of keeping the background subservient to the main portrait, and yet he invests it with life, so that one has a picture of the age in all its light and shade.

Sarah Churchill died at the age of eighty-five, leaving a vast house and a vast fortune. That some tenderness was in her may be judged from the fact that she left £25 to each of her chairmen and a year's wages to her servants. And to show she had lost none of her spirit she gave a deft slap in the face to Lady Stair, who "bought me some things in France but always declined telling me what they cost."

In many ways how like another Sarah known as the Divine!

This is a week of biography. Here are two more. They deal with Alfred de Musset and the last of the Medici. But there is a great difference in the quality both of writing and scholarship in these two works. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick's study, *Alfred de Musset* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), lacks distinction. His subject is a poor one. It is impossible, the poet apart, to feel any deep interest in this unbalanced creature who from his youth onwards was obsessed with the idea of women, an obsession which in a Frenchman becomes an extreme mania. Nor does Mr. Sedgwick make the most of his material—such as it is.

The story of the flight to Venice of de Musset and Georges Sand has its ludicrous aspect. They were never quite certain whether their relationship was that of "mother" and "son" until the coming of handsome young Dr. Pagello shattered the "romance." Of the two figures perhaps de Musset was the less absurd. It should have made the world laugh. But the world was inclined to regard the acts of its Bohemians as romantic; de Musset went on pursuing the ladies of his fancy. As Mr. Sedgwick pointedly remarks, "it would be better to be ignorant of poets' lives and to be content with their poetry." Certainly there is little in this biography which does not lessen one's respect for de Musset the man. His poetry is his kindest memorial. Men of genius should not be expected to behave like sane persons.

There was no genius in the last Medici, nothing but mediocrity, vulgarity and bestiality. Yet Mr. Harold Acton's study, *The Last Medici* (Faber and Faber. 18s.), is well worth reading. It is a most scholarly and entertaining enquiry into the end of a great family. We know much about Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Medician Popes, about Catherine, but the last phase of the family is almost unknown. Mr. Acton presents a vivid scene with the opulent Cosimo III, a pietist, a voluptuary, and his matrimonial adventure with Marguerite-Louise d'Orléans. The Medici have done their best to convert themselves into a royal family, but never with complete success. Florence witnessed the end of its great house in the death of Gian Gastone, for his sister, the Electress, was passed over. The age of splendour had ended. Soon the Electress died in the Pitti Palace. The Medici had become an astonishing legend, and no more.

Mr. Acton's biography is something much more than a study of the last Medici. He wears his scholarship lightly, indulges in pointed comment, and has an eye for the European scene. The result is an impressive cavalcade of characters passing on a multi-coloured field. The splendour, the extravagance, the piety, corruption, and arrogance of the last years of the Medici in Florence will never again be matched.

RECOMMENDED

"Half a Century of Sport," by SIR ALFRED PEASE, BART. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net); "Rock and the River," by RALPH CONNOR (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net); "Cornish Seafarers," by A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN (J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d. net); "Gerard de Nerval: Aurelia," by RICHARD ALDINGTON (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net); "Lamb, before Elia," by F. V. Morley (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net); "English Traveller in France," by CONSTANTIA MOXWELL (Routledge. 15s. net); "New Heaven New Earth," by PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE (Secker. 7s. 6d. net); "Big Game Shooting Records," by EDGAR N. BARCLAY (Witherby. 15s. net).

STROLLING PLAYERS: A troupe of variety artists are touring the West where by any other means of transport it would prove difficult to the troupe lives in a caravan. A performance is here seen given the ancient mummers of a

DRESS REHEARSAL

LADY PATRICIA RUSSELL, whose first novel, *The Heartless Traveller*, is being published by Hamish Hamilton

country in motor caravans and giving concerts in country villages perform. Their properties are carried in trailers and every member of In the village street of Almondsbury, near Bristol—a scene which recalls simpler and less sophisticated age

The strolling players rehearse in a farm yard where the caravans are parked

Sasha

MR. FRANCIS LEDERER, who has made as great a success in *The Cat and the Fiddle* as he did in *Autumn Crocus*

—PLAYS

Empty Theatres: Ballet: Films: And Historical Tragedy

By PHILIP PAGE

Sundry pessimists, either with short memories or with memories which do not extend to pre-War times, are declaring that all is wrong with the Drama because an exceptionally large number of theatres happen to be closed. As I write fifteen theatres are shut, many of them in order to prepare for new productions—an important fact which the aforesaid pessimists have found it convenient to overlook. But more than double that number are open, quite a fair proportion of them being open profitably.

This alone argues that the theatre is in a tolerably healthy condition. If we compare the state of affairs with that existing as recently as twenty years ago, that opinion is endorsed. In those not-so-very-far-off days, the competition by other forms of amusement was negligible. Yet at certain periods of the year, such as Lent and the holiday weeks of August and September, it frequently happened that only half-a-dozen theatres were open in the whole of London. These struggled along with understudies (for the star performers usually took the opportunity to do some holiday-making on their own account), and a general air of half-heartiness—and we heard nothing of the theatre being moribund. Moreover, the theatrical public was smaller all the year round than it is to-day, in spite of the fact that there were no Plazas and Capitols and Regals and Rialtos to mop up a vast section of the seekers after amusement.

Unfortunately, there is a tendency to-day to harp on the plays that fail rather than those which succeed. I have frequently found of late that more publicity is given to the fact that a piece has had a short run rather than to the fact that it has been produced at all. A series of short runs is seized upon and made much of positively with an air of glee. We heard a lot about the disastrous failures of *Lovely Lady*, *Say When*, *Paulette*, *Whose Baby are You?* and *The Man I Killed*. Such successes as *Cavalcade*, *Tobias and his Angel*, *"Helen!"* *It's a Girl*, *The Cat and the Fiddle*, *White Horse Inn*, *Waltzes from Vienna*, and *Hold My Hand* are taken for granted.

Is there so very much wrong with either the theatre or the taste of the theatre-going public (which managers are inclined to under-estimate), when *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—a piece of the highest literary quality and wholly devoid of sensational or obvious appeal—can achieve one of the longest runs of modern times?

Of course all is not right. Stupid plays are still being produced in uncomfortably large batches. Still more stupid is the abolition in many theatres of the pit and gallery, and the imbecile supposition that there is an unlimited supply of people able and willing to pay twelve or fifteen shillings for a stall to see a cast of nonentities in some quite undistinguished piece, which starts at 8.30 and ends, with a couple of long intervals (during which one consumes sulphuric whisky at a bob a thimbleful) at a quarter to eleven.

Indeed, my surprise is not that the theatre is not dead, and has every prospect of continuing indefinitely very much alive, but that it should have survived so many attempts to kill it, due as much to foolishness from within as to discouragement from without.

Hopes of a "grand" season of opera at Covent Garden have now faded almost to nothing. I doubt whether, even were all the necessary money forthcoming, it would be possible to get a really strong International company together at so late an hour, and an all-British collection of singers, admirable though many of them are individually, would not be strong enough to keep the flag flying. It is not lack of patriotism that prompts me to say this, but a desire to face reality in a common-sense fashion. An all-British season in May or June might even set the clock back—at any rate at the present stage. The essential feature of opera in its ideal state is the drawing on the best singers of all nationalities. Meanwhile I have been enjoying some really good ballet performances at Sadler's Wells. Ravel's new ballet, adapted from his suite, *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, is half Baroque and half *Madame Butterfly* in that a Japanese girl commits suicide because her lover will have none of her. However, unlike the Puccini "best-seller," the girl comes to life again and all concerned, including Psyche and Eros, dance about merrily as the curtain falls. Mr. Constant Lambert, the conductor, unravelled Ravel in more than competent fashion, and Mr. Anton Dolin, Mlle Alicia Markova, and Miss Ninette de Valois (who, by the way, is the daughter of an English colonel) gave *The Enchanted Grove*, for that is the English name of the little work, just the right touch. Mr. Dolin is surely the finest male dancer we have, and is well up to the best Russian standards.

Why, I wonder, should the film-world consider it necessary to change (and, incidentally, to vulgarize) the titles of well-known plays when they are adapted for the screen? This was done in the case of a play which Greta Garbo was considered to make more glamorous as a "talkie," though her appearance in the cast had, as a matter of fact, a precisely reverse effect. Frederick Lonsdale wrote a witty comedy entitled *Spring Cleaning*. I imagine there is not enough sex in that title for film purposes, so it has been changed to *Women Who Pay*, which has not much point in it and no distinction whatever. I suppose there is "sex" in the word "woman." At any rate, there ought to be. At the Plaza I found the story, in spite of some rather unsatisfactory production, full of amusing moments. The Lonsdale touch is unmistakable, even in a medium which one might imagine would give but little scope for it. But the acting level is far better in *Dance Team* at the London Pavilion. Miss Sally Eilers is as far removed as it is possible to imagine from the Hollywooden type. Quite a delicious personality who can survive triumphantly the surrounding slop.

There have been archdukes of Mittel-Europa on the stage by the score. Usually they have belonged to the romances of Sir Anthony Hope or have appeared on the stage of Daly's Theatre, accoutred in splendid uniform, accompanied by a waltz tune, and played by Mr. Bertram Wallis. At the Arts Theatre the other night we were shown a real one—that is to say, the stage semblance of a real one. Yet I found him far less real than the Ruritanian variety and assuredly duller.

Archduke Rudolph of Austria, son of the old Emperor Franz Josef may, in fact, have been a young man as dull as he was unfortunate. But it is the silliest of fallacies to carry history to that extent of meticulous accuracy when writing an historical play. *Rudolph of Austria* rarely comes to life dramatically notwithstanding the ample dramatic, even melodramatic, material which it furnishes. The tragic happenings in that hunting-box at Mayerling have made Europe talk for forty years and more. The mystery of the death of Rudolf—was it a suicide pact? a murder and suicide? or a double murder—has never been conclusively cleared up. The topic is still canvassed in conversation and politics, intrigues, vengeance and even paternal jealousy have been suggested as the reason for the tragedy from which even to-day Austria, lacking a direct Habsburg heir, is suffering. It is amazing, indeed, that it has taken the theatre forty years to get hold of them; that filmdom has kept its hands off a royal romance with an unhappy and mysterious culmination is little short of miraculous. Having at last come to grips with this essence of Rudolphism, practically nothing has been made of it.

After a prelude of political talk the story starts to move slowly on its way in a series of depressing interviews between Rudolph—made wretched by an unsympathetic wife and a tyrannical father—and the young Baroness Vetsera, whom he loved. I found it impossible to take any interest in Hungary's efforts to become a separate kingdom with Rudolph as its king. But I am sure that Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. John Drinkwater, and Mr. James Bridie would have held their audiences agog with excitement in using the same material.

Mr. Graham Rawson, the author of this play, can do this in short spurts. But he cannot stay the course. The scene between Rudolph and his imperial father was excellent. This was partly due to the fine performance, as the Emperor, of Mr. C. M. Hallard (though I beg leave to doubt whether Franz Josef was as hairily decrepit in 1889 as Mr. Hallard suggested by his make-up). It was followed, however, by a last act in which superb opportunities were missed by reason of weakness of construction and sesquipedalian dialogue. Even here there were some good moments. There may have been more of these than I was able to hear, for "it was a dark and stormy night" in that Mayerling hunting box, and a wind-machine behind the scenes was keeping up the musical reputation of the Vienna district much too realistically. It made the very devil of a noise.

In the enormously long part of Rudolph Mr. Ion Swinley did very well, in spite of some uncertain moments. Miss Margaret Vines as the Baroness again showed her command of pathos, but she must battle against gentility, which will overwhelm her if she is not careful.

With as much pleasure as I watch his acting (and that says a very great deal) have I been enjoying Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's book of reminiscences, *Let's Pretend*. From it many things can be learned, one being that the creator of that immortal figure, the gnarled old countryman, Churdles Ash, won a prize as a baby of one year old in a beauty competition. He also played Hamlet at the age of fourteen, had a row with Arthur Bourchier when he was not so very much older, and had an anxious time of it during a production of *The Merchant of Venice* in the course of an early South African tour when the scenery, on which was depicted the Rialto Bridge, swayed as if in a gale, because someone at the back had blundered. It was one of the late Sir Herbert Tree's immortal pieces of advice during a rehearsal at His Majesty's: "Never hit a backcloth when it is down."

Mr. Hardwicke has some sound things to say about the film in its relation to the theatre. I agree with him that the standard of the film is not set by the highest understanding of its patrons but by the lowest, and that unfortunately, the latter predominate. When the film understands the meaning of simplicity in its best sense a great step forward will have been taken. "A slightly more modest attitude," adds the author, "by the film towards its achievements would also be welcomed." He then proceeds to imagine a theatre advertising itself in this fashion:—

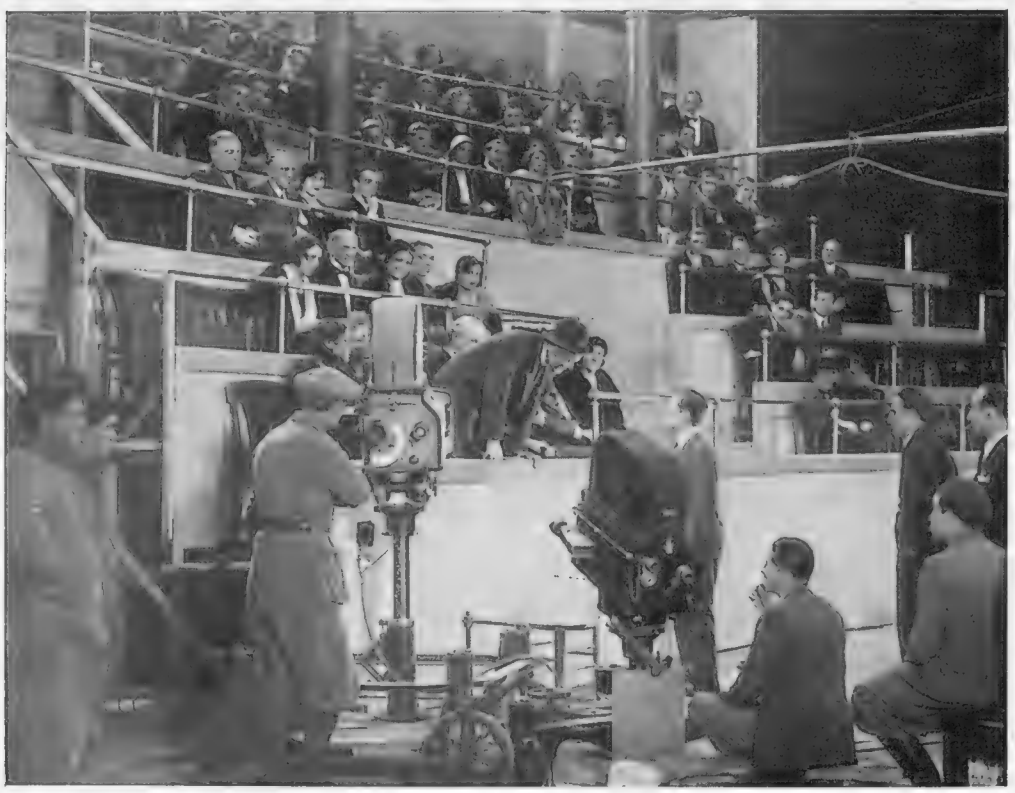
Rudolph Besier's Immortal Epic of Father Love
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET
Now in its Thirteenth Great, Gigantic, Glorious Month
at the Queen's Theatre
A Feast for the Thrill-Hungry

Would the theatrical pessimists be satisfied at last to find this?

FILMING IN THREE COUNTRIES

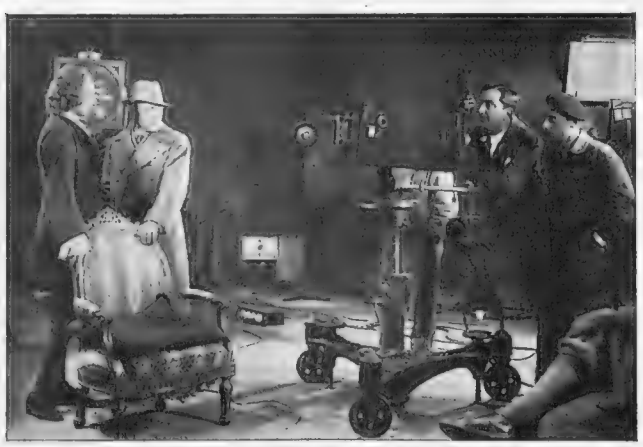
SHANGHAI EXPRESS: A realistic scene from the film starring Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong, and Warner Oland. It is typical of the modern film industry that an area so much in the public eye as Shanghai should be immediately seized upon as a *mise-en-scène* for a film

SAMSON OF THE REVOLUTION: Rasputin (Conrad Veidt), and the spy of Yussupoff (Brigitte Horney), in a new German production



ITALIAN EFFORT: The gallery of the Opera House of Rome re-created in the Cines-Pittaluga studios. This scene comes from *The Opera Singer*, directed by Nunzio Malasomma, seen near the camera talking to the actor Gianfranco Giachetti

AN ALL-WOMAN CAST: A scene from the distinguished German all-woman talkie, *Girls in Uniform*, where the heroine is corrected by the matron



THE TRY-OUT: An actor undergoing test in the Cines-Pittaluga studios while Guido Brignone the art director and Ubaldo Arata, the cameraman—both noted experts—look on

REHEARSAL PERFORMED: A scene from *Girls in Uniform* where the inmates of an orphanage give a performance and in which the heroine makes a sensational success

The art of the cinema in Italy started brilliantly many years ago—there was even a cinema town reproducing medieval Florence outside that town—but its spectacular glory ended with the rise of Hollywood. The talkies and sound films have again changed everything, and the cinema, here, is once more a living and important industry. Recently, a German company was reciting, in one of the many theatres, *La Wally*, a film of mountain life, and an English company had just left Rome, having finished their version of the same film. Stars in Italy are difficult to find; women of the upper and middle classes are still kept by home prejudices from working at certain professions (oddly enough, nursing being one of them), but the Italian film producers do not insist on the importance of stars, the real stars of the cinema in Italy being the experts — photographers, producers, designers and craftsmen. The German Film Association have just produced a talking film in Berlin in which every part is played by a woman. Males have been rigorously excluded—and it has to be confessed that the women alone have admirably succeeded in proving their ability to provide good cinematographic fare without the intrusion of men into their play. The story of the film is simple, but allows of poignant and bitter scenes, a great deal of fun, attractive spectacles, and one thrill.

FISH from the RIVER and the SEA

CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE: A proud angler with a striped Marlin swordfish, caught in the New Zealand Deep Sea Fishing Grounds, where many world records are held

FATHER'S VICTIM: A 693 lb. Marlin swordfish caught off Balboa, California, by Mr. Alphonse Hamann, the father of the two little girls seen above. 13 ft. 3 in. long and 5 ft. 6 in. in girth, the fish gave Mr. Hamann all but two hours of fight. Claimed as a world's record, the fish must yield place to a New Zealand record which weighed 976 lb.

HANUMAN OF THE PISCINE WORLD: The monkey-faced trout caught by Post Master Lewis Myers, of Cairo, Greene County, New York State. In point of actual fact it is an ordinary rainbow trout, some 12-in. long, whose head had been disfigured by an accident, giving it the aspect of the Monkey God of Hindu legend

FISHING FOR WHITE BAIT: A Maori with his crude but effective seine. In New Zealand waters the tiny fish are to be seen in their millions in the spring of the year

HARPOONING SALMON: In certain parts of Canada a long spear-shaped pole, similar to a harpoon, is used for salmon fishing. In clear water the salmon is visible, and on being seen the fisherman from his chair in the bow of the boat spears it. Remarkable skill is attained—and remarkable successa chieved—by practitioners of this method

THE TRIDENT OF THE STREAMS: The short three pronged fork with which the Japanese spear trout, a method of angling which needs even more patience than other varieties

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

WHITE PALMS: The crown of the tree is compressed for some months to obtain the bleached effect required

EASTER SUNDAY

Picturesque Ceremonies in Many Lands

THE EASTER PYRAMID OF FLORENCE filled with fireworks is drawn to the Piazza and there set on fire

There are certain temperaments who do not like to make plans ahead, but if the weather appears promising *paterfamilias* will suddenly make up his mind, and here are some last minute suggestions. There is time to cross the southern end of the North Sea, or the Channel, in British steamers, in the company of pleasant British sailors, and spend Easter Sunday in some attractive setting, and be back at one's desk before the Easter holiday is over. And Easter Sunday has the special attraction that the traveller may encounter some special Easter ceremony. He will certainly see the local inhabitants in all their local finery. There is time for him to catch the 8.30 p.m. train at Liverpool Street on this Saturday night, March 26, and sail right up the Scheldt and find himself within sight of the magnificent Tower of Antwerp Cathedral by eight o'clock on Easter Sunday morning. He can see all the sights of this historic port — there is any amount to interest him here, but if he feels energetic he can take a half-an-hour's train run to Brussels, and see the throbbing life of the busy Belgian capital, or if Holland has greater attractions there are, of course, all the marvellous Dutch dresses and the fascinating canal life, to lure him in this direction. He can catch the 9.30 boat train for Flushing, thence he can penetrate as far as he likes in the direction of Rotterdam, The Hague, and Amsterdam. if the pleasant cafés of the Kalverstraat do not detain him he can find his way to the Zuyder Zee, where he will be in the midst of a pleasant and picturesque people. Given a fine, breezy day, with great, piled-up clouds, there is nothing more delightful than strolling along the quaysides and the river pathsof Holland. If the traveller's thoughts turn farther to the south he can cross to the Normandy ports. Havre, Caen, Cherbourg, the Channel Islands, are all within reach of the last-minute traveller. Luck might give you some fascinating Easter scenes along the southern Channel coast. Brittany has its own charms, and the student of costume would find much to see. There are 800 different coifs worn by the varying districts.

PASCHAL LAMBS are sold in open market on the Paseo S. Juan, Barcelona, during Holy Week

BIRCHINGTON: One of the healthiest spots in south-east England is this stretch of country with Birchington as a centre. In the foreground are the bungalows and hotels, while in the distance is Reculver

RAMSGATE: A busy, popular resort for those seeking health and sunshine, for this corner of England has extraordinarily high sunshine records to its credit

SOUTH FORELAND; A view from St. Margaret's Bay. This is one of the most magnificent of headlands on the entire British coastline. The little bay is a veritable sun-trap

THE THANET CORNER OF ENGLAND

BROADSTAIRS: A resort justifying the name of Dickens Land in Thanet. There is an old-world air over Broadstairs

NORTH FORELAND: Well known to mariners for its lighthouse, the North Foreland is not so spectacular as its famous twin headland, the South Foreland, but yet presents a bold façade to Channel waters

MARGATE: From the days of the Hoy and Prince Albert, this resort has maintained its great popularity, especially among Londoners. Its harbour, pier, and bathing pools add to its attraction

DEAL: The chalk cliffs in the vicinity of Deal provide the energetic with the most delightful and health-giving rambles. These white precipices fall sheer to the gleaming waters in dramatic fashion. Deal itself is full of interest for those who delight in the ancient fishing atmosphere with its smack of tar

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

ISCHIA: One of the fairest jewels set in the Mediterranean. Its sister isle is Capri, set on the other lip of Naples Bay

HOLIDAYS by SEA

Cruising Holidays of Distinction

There are few more popular holiday trips at Whitsuntide by sea than to the Channel Islands, where the sun shines brightly, and there is at this time of year a wealth of flowers for which the islands are famous.

Indeed, Jersey and Guernsey are delightful in Spring, summer, and autumn especially, and the splendid service of mail boats from Southampton places the islands within easy reach.

Years ago, perhaps, the voyage was looked upon askance. Now-a-days it is undertaken by thousands in comfort, and even luxury, by the excellent boats of the Southern Railway, to the fleet of which has just been added the S.S. *Isle of Sark*, in the construction of which every possible skill has been exercised to secure perfection.

THE "ISLE OF SARK"—the Southern Railway's luxurious new oil-burning steamer for the Channel Island service

The popularity of the P. & O. cruises, which it is claimed are arranged not only to give full value for the charge made, and to give as great a variety of experiences as can be included in the time taken is the best evidence of the success with which they have been planned, and the comfort and luxury of the cruisers, and charm of the voyages. Now that cruising on British ships is the most popular form of "foreign" holiday, it is well to book passages long in advance, and even forfeit—if necessary—the small deposit rather than run the risk of being left behind, because the answer to one's inquiry for berths is, "Sorry, quite full up."

Our cruise covers the Yugo-Slavian (formerly Dalmatian) coast of the Adriatic to Venice. Another cruise, equally delightful, takes the voyager to several interesting Spanish ports, and to Monte Carlo. And the cruisers? Well, they are the famous *Viceroy of India* and *Strathnaver*, 20,000 and 22,500 ton boats on which cruising luxury, first-class services, the social amenities, and entertainments have been organized to perfection.

Nor are the Royal Mail Line behind in the attractions they offer in the way of cruising holidays in May and throughout the summer months. At Whitsuntide they have a special cruise arranged for four days from Southampton to Santander in Spain, by their well-known South American liner, the *Almanzora*.

From the beginning of April onwards there is a wonderful choice of cruises. On April 16, the well-known luxury cruising liner the *Atlantis* leaves for the Mediterranean, visiting among other places Lisbon, Algiers, Palermo, several ports of the Yugo-Slavian coast of the eastern Adriatic, Venice, La Goulette (for Tunis) with its Eastern charm and colourful life, calling also at Gibraltar on the homeward voyage. The cruise lasts three weeks, and is one full of charm and of great interest and variety.

The Blue Funnel Line announce, well in advance, a wonderful out to Australia and back cruise at the end of August, by the fine turbine liner *Ulysses*. This visits, among other places, Port Said, Ceylon, the Malay Straits, Java ports, the Great Barrier Reef, Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney, and on the homeward voyage the Cape and Grand Canary.

For those, however, who want a few days at sea, this company has arranged a series of trips, starting in April, from London to Rotterdam, and thence to Glasgow, either by the North Sea and North and West Coasts of Scotland, or by the English Channel, Land's End, and Irish Sea. To visit Holland in April and May is to enjoy the opportunity of seeing the bulb fields in full bloom, and to see two or three historic and picturesque towns.

P & O: The new turbo-electric ship *Strathnaver* of 22,000 tons—a luxurious cruising vessel of which her passengers are proud

HERALDS of the SPRING

III—Red *v.* Grey

A SHY BUT FASCINATING AQUATIC HUNTER: The water-vole is a difficult beastie to observe, but very well worth the watching if a coign of vantage can be obtained

For a long time controversy has raged round the subject of the red and grey squirrels. The reappearance of these lively little tree-dwellers after their winter vacation, will no doubt restart the battle of the red and grey. But whichever side is taken the general verdict will be that our parks and countryside would be less interesting if these cheeky rodents with their perky, cadging ways were to disappear. None of our wild animals attracts the children's cries of delight like the impudent, alien, grey squirrel when at near range they watch his antics with a nut thrown to him.

To many people the grey squirrel is by far the most familiar, although he is really a stranger from across the Atlantic, for his real home is in North America.

Some years back, however, a number of them were set free in various parts of the country, with the result that (like the rabbit in Australia) they have multiplied and spread afield to such an extent as to be, it is said, a menace to mankind in many ways.

But the red or common squirrel is a true native of the British Isles and it is not found in any other country. A closely allied race of very similar appearance, however, inhabits the greater part of Europe, North Africa, and parts of Asia.

Nobody will deny that both these little rodents are very charming in appearance, but much as we should like to welcome the grey squirrel in our midst, the fact remains that it is apparently fast driving away and restricting the sphere of our own red squirrel.

At one time the latter was to be seen in Richmond Park, Kew Gardens, Highgate Woods, and many other places near London, but now not one remains, and the grey squirrel has usurped its town retreats. Unless drastic measures are taken to combat the increase of the imported species our native squirrel may in time cease to exist.

Town dwellers are unlikely to realize why the grey squirrel has fallen into disfavour. Had he been less pugnacious and more content to remain tranquilly in those places where he was first released, perhaps little more would have been heard of him except as a pretty addition to our native life. But he proved a discontented little marauder and ranged far afield, deposing the red squirrels, and robbing, it is said, orchards and gardens, biting large holes in growing apples, pears, peaches, cane fruits, and strawberries, tasting here and there and destroying even if he did not eat.

Birds and bark, bulbs and nuts suffered from his inquisitive nibbling, and not only plant life, but nests are visited and eggs and even young birds devoured. So that in some minds the question of their utter destruction is imperative.

The American grey squirrel was first liberated in this country in the year 1890, when a number were given their freedom at Woburn Park, Bedfordshire, and at Finnart, Dumbartonshire. Later, others were let loose near Malden, in Yorkshire, and in 1905 some of those living at the London Zoological Gardens were allowed to escape from their enclosure. In 1908, a further lot were liberated in Kew Gardens. These "greys" have multiplied and spread in all directions, and now they are reported as being plentiful as far west as Wales and up north in Durham.

Other marauders now to be seen in our countryside are the otter and water-vole, though it is hardly fair to include the latter attractive creature in this category. There is no doubt about the otter being a killer, though to watch him at work catching a meal, or sometimes killing for sport in a fish stocked rivulet, is fascinating. The manœuvres, too, of the water-vole are worth many hours of patient watching, if one has the luck to find a spot where he can be observed without being discovered.

AGLIA TAU MALES can be recognized by their great antennæ by which they track down the less impressive-looking females

ALMOST DISPOSSESSED: A red squirrel of the true "Nutkin" type, which is being crushed out by the invading grey

"NUTKIN": The British-born red squirrel is unhappily too bashful and insufficiently pugnacious to resist the encroachments of the grey squirrel, a North American invader, which, like the rabbit in Australia, has become not a pleasure but a pest. "Nutkin" has friends on the Continent, though his family is found nowhere else but in the British Isles

AN OBJECT OF LOVE AND HATE: A typical grey squirrel of the kind that is admired by sentimentalists and young folk and detested by farmers—and his red brothers

A GIRL OF THE PUSTERIA VALLEY: She is wearing a barbaric belt of heavy leather studded with silver which trails to the ground

HEADGEAR OF ITALY: A huge hat in green felt with long yellow ribbons tops a costume of pleated skirt, apron, and corselet

THE RAKISH HAT worn by those who braid their hair in coils. Musketeer jackets of olive green velvet and fourteenth-century shoes complete the *ensemble*

Sketches by Liana Ferri

A SKIP FOR A HAT! The old-fashioned straw beehive served as model for this surprising head-dress worn by some of the *contadine* of Italy

It is a feast-day in the Pusteria Valley, and the women have brought out from their huge wardrobes of wood, dresses in bright colours, the traditional costumes guarded jealously from generation to generation. The women of certain districts wear a strange cone-shaped hat made of threads of wool cut in such a way as to give a hairy effect like fur. Their heavy skirts (of coarse black wool, pleated finely, recalling those of the Egyptians, are covered by long and ample aprons made either of flowered brocade or of gaily embroidered silk. The corselet, also embroidered, is very tight and worn over a blouse of natural coloured hand-woven linen. One woman is wearing a strange barbaric belt of heavy leather, studded with silver, which encircles the waist and falls along the hips to the ground.

Now they have formed into a procession and go parading through valleys and forests, introducing into the landscape a strange and unexpected quality.

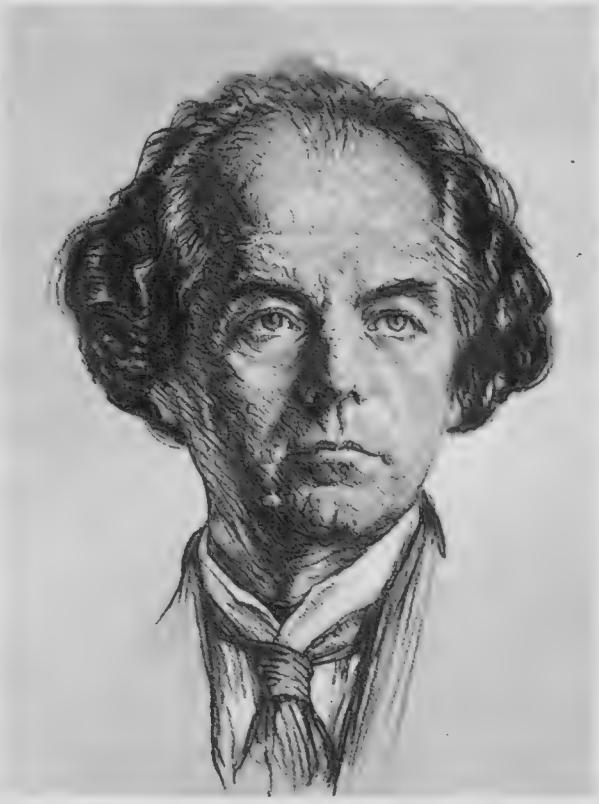
This solemn march is punctuated by strange cries and shouts of joy, sudden, piercing, which, beginning at the head of the procession, are taken up and repeated all through the line.

As they pass from sight and hearing, we are aware that their costumes and shouts take us back in imagination to the barbaric years before Christ.

The Charm of the PENCIL DRAWING

DR. FELIX WEINGARTNER: A study at home of the distinguished German musical director by M. A. Bilis of Paris

VIOLINISTS OF WORLD FAME: Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz sketched by the distinguished French artist, M. A. Bilis



JAN KUBELIK, the world-famous violinist—a study by M. A. Bilis, the power of whose pencil drawings has created quite a sensation in Paris. The remarkable amount of character the artist can attain in a medium which has had to fight the camera has come as a revelation and a surprise to the general public

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Day-time Suggestions

Short coats are definitely "in" for Spring and Summer wear, and are pressed into service to combine happily with the matching skirt or one-piece frock, being successfully at home with either. So practical a fashion as the little frock with its accompanying short coat (or for the matter of that the long or three-quarter coat) is gaining ground, and rivals the attractions of its alternative, the coat and skirt. It is so easily slipped into, and can so readily be converted from the street suit to the little house frock, that it commends itself particularly to the smart and busy woman.

On left—Touches of light blue with a white stripe at yoke and sleeves of navy form the fashionable two-blue combination in this attractive under-the-coat frock of lightweight woollen

A natty little travel suit in navy wool crêpe with striped blue and beige vest. The short coat is trimmed with a high collar of soft badger fur

A classic tailor suit in light beige with short coat cut in double-breasted style, and green silk scarf tied stock-wise. Beige coloured gauntlet gloves and jaunty green hat

A summer outfit in a pale blue woollen. The short coat with long revers is held back by the belt, and is worn over a one-piece frock with white jersey top

Often the one-piece frock—that can be made so slimming by being delicately moulded to the figure—assumes a light, blouse-like top by the use of a lighter colour or material, which may be echoed in the lapels or belt of the accompanying coat; sometimes it may be just a deep lighter yoke or in the same colour lighted with lingerie touches at neck and cuffs; the opportunities for variation of this theme is one of its most alluring aspects.

The tailored coat and skirt with separate blouse or tunic remains in favour and is a style to which many women (particularly Englishwomen) steadfastly adhere, and in early Spring it is one with an especial appeal. Here are some aspects of the rivalling charms of each type, aspiring to win the favour and approval of fair women, the object for which they were clearly created.

Beautiful handworked Broderie Anglaise of a very open design is the distinguishing feature of this original frock. It moulds the hips and falls in fullness to the feet, veiling an emerald green taffeta underslip

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Evening-time Suggestions

The ideal of the long, slim figure is still the base of all feminine sartorial operations, and the modern frock for all its seeming fullness and drapery is stern in its relentless ignoring of avoirdupois. By hook or by crook woman must achieve slimness and "line" to rise to heights that the inexorable fashion designers demand that she should reach. To this end every cunning device of vandyked or diagonal seam is called into play; to give slenderness by comparison, a breadth of shoulder has been added, a fanciful

(Continued below on left)

On left — An exquisite simplicity of line gives this gracious gown a statuesque beauty. In white crêpe marocain, it is worn with a little black velvet cape which has two scarf ends, one of black velvet and the other of ermine

width to the sleeve, while the longer skirt with the moulded hip all tend to give length and narrowness.

Regarding materials, there is a preference for soft, drapable kinds with a matt surface; of these, crêpes romain and marocain lead as easy favourites for day or evening wear. The woollens are also fine and flexible, while the new jerseys show a soft cashmere-like quality. Georgette in a heavy quality is delightful for the evening gown, while laces and satins hold a favoured place. Many small prints are being shown for day and evening wear, while pure toned colours, vivid or quiet, rival the palest hues. There is the new blue, a bright cornflower, and navy is used for the evening frock, as for the day tailored suit. We can suit our choice to our fancy as to our purse, but the secret of chic remains with the wearer herself; it is one she alone can achieve.

An alternative to the V-shaped low back is shown in this frock of dull, black mousseline de soie. The bodice drapery is pulled up at the back to fasten in a centre point of collar-band, and is high to the neck in front

A low backed evening gown of heavy flesh-coloured georgette is converted into a dinner frock by the addition of this charming coatee of ecru lace with long wide sleeves and draped cowl collar

WOMEN of the MOMENT

THE RUTHVEN TWINS: (Left) the Hon. Mrs. Peter Davies (the Hon. Margaret) and the Hon. Mrs. John Barron. It was remarked by a cynic that it was only at their weddings that they could have been told apart! They usually affect identical attire

A TRIO OF SOCIETY "USHERETTES": Miss Edith Smith, Lady Bridget Parsons, and Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper at Lady Caroline Paget's Karsavina matinée held a few days ago

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO NOW A FILM STUDIO: Lady von Herkomer "christens" the converted studio at Bushey of her late husband by recording Miss Bettie Thompson in the rôle of Cleopatra

DÉBUTANTES AS USHERS at the Karsavina Matinée organized by Lady Caroline Paget and held at the Savoy Theatre in aid of King's College Hospital. The group above includes Miss Marjorie Mollison, Miss Diana Cavendish, Miss Virginia Parsons, and Lady Elizabeth Paget

IN PREPARATION FOR THE DRAWING-ROOMS: Débutantes in trains and feathers practise the art of the curtsy in which they are trained by Madame Vacani, the distinguished teacher of dancing and deportment

POSING FOR EPSTEIN: Miss Harriet Hoctor, the star of *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome, and a former Ziegfeld Follies beauty, is the latest model for the raiser of sculpture storms

SIDE SADDLE

—And One who Rides Astride

BREAKING THROUGH: Miss Sylvia Harker, twin sister of Miss Sybil Harker, takes a hedge in fine style at the run following the meet of the Belvoir at Eastwell, Leicestershire

IN FULL CRY: A hedge well taken by a side saddle enthusiast when the Duke of Beaufort's met at Foxley Green

OUT WITH THE BELVOIR: The Hon. Camilla Gurdon, elder daughter of Lord Cranworth, whose family dates back to the Conquest, takes a jump at Newman's Gorse

FOLLOWING CLOSE: One of the ladies is well over a fence when the Household Brigade Draghounds met at Hinds Head Hotel, Bray, near Maidenhead. The once burning question of "side saddle or astride?" has now lapsed into disregard. Many of the younger set still ride side saddle, however

WITH THE QUORN: Lady Irene Cubitt, the daughter of the fourth Marquess of Camden, and the wife of Captain the Hon. A. E. Cubitt, son of Lord Ashcombe, takes the nearest way from the road to the field when the Quorn met at Old Dalby Hall

A GRAVEYARD FOR CARS: At Ruxley, Kent, there is a firm of car wreckers who break up old cars and utilise the metal thus obtained. A view is seen above of the wrecker's sign—a derelict car and dummy driver

ORIENTAL POINT-DUTY: Iraqi traffic control police at Bagdad. They are extremely proud of their work and add to their imitation of the London police an elaborate semaphore code

ITALY'S NEW TUNNEL ROAD: A view of the wonderful new road recently opened between Gargnano and Riva Beautiful, Lake Garda, can be seen through the innumerable apertures that let in light and air

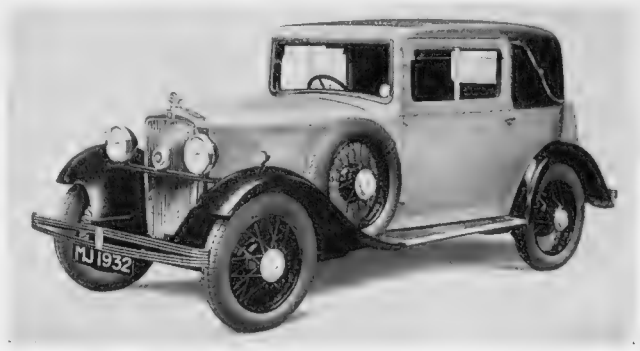
"THE MANY-*WHEELED* MULTITUDE"! Traffic at one end of the Holland Tunnel, New York. Cars are supposed to keep 75 ft. apart as they pass over the traffic lanes in the tunnel, but during the rush-hour this rule is waived

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.—Every year we see more and more ladies taking up motoring, and we find they are not content to be mere passengers, but insist upon driving the cars in which they travel. What is more, they have now become so mechanically minded that they look after the car, make all the necessary running adjustments, and probably in the majority of cases do their own washing and polishing. This practical interest in motor-cars on the part of the fair sex is definitely having an effect, and a good effect at that, on the design of the chassis and of the coachwork. Ladies usually let men know their opinions on various matters, and so it is not surprising to learn that they are not shy in passing on their ideas for improvements to manufacturers and coachbuilders. I do not think I shall be departing very far from the truth if I give credit to the ladies for the apparent desire of designers to tidy up the back of the car. Great efforts have been made during the past five or six years to make the front lock neater and easier to clean. The bonnet and the dash have been merged into one continuous line, the front dumb irons have been cleaned up with an apron which with a more voluminous side-shield to each wing effectually hides the front axle, the tie-rod, and other bits and pieces which are not pretty to look upon. The sides of the cars are likewise more presentable than before, this being effected by shortening or doing away with the valances which were previously used between the outside running-boards and the lower part of the body.



CHEAP LUXURY: The 14-h.p. Morris Major sports coupé equipped with a Pytchley sliding roof, Magna wire wheels, and Celstra leather upholstery

BACK VIEW.—During the past two years attention has been given to the rear of the car, but I am sorry to say the results have not been satisfactory. Efforts have been made to merge the luggage grid and the spare wheel into the body by some means or other. Likewise the body has been brought down lower in order to hide the back axle and the rear tank. When I recently had the opportunity of examining very closely many cars of different makes, I found only one which, in my opinion, had pleasant lines at this part of the car. The general result is to make the body look like the back of a beetle, or as if the rear spring had collapsed and the whole body was on the point of touching the ground. Designers have overcome bigger difficulties than this one, and I, for one, have not given up hope that before very long the rear view of a car will be just as pleasing as that from the front.

On the occasion of the recent Coachwork Competition at Torquay I was amazed to find that very few cars had anything like ample or easy accommodation for an ordinary quantity of luggage for the number of people carried. Likewise, very little thought seems to have been directed towards the problem of placing the tools in such a position that they are readily accessible without disturbing the passengers. Only on one or two cars did I see what I considered a reasonable position for these necessary accessories, one was on a Wolseley Hornet, where the owner had the tools carried in the two doors of his small coupé. There was a place for each article, they could not rattle and, when put away, the covers of the lockers which contained them were flush with the doors and so did not make their position noticeable. In another instance they were carried in sensible drawers in a locker at the back of the car. On two makes of cars of which I have considerable experience the makers had evidently considered the matter but their decision was not too happy in either case. On the first car they were carried underneath the bonnet in a metal box which formed part of the metal dashboard. The trouble here was that the lid was held in position by means of a single central screw which was exceedingly difficult to locate. Everything was shoved into the box and the chances were that the tool required was at the bottom and all the others had to be removed before it could be extricated.

On the second car they were carried underneath the dashboard just at the feet of the front passenger. In this instance a kind of dummy panel was removed from the side of the body and the tools were all strapped to the inside. I found it exceedingly difficult to put back in position and the tools always rattled. Being so close to the driver and the passenger the noise was most distressing.

LAW DAMAGE FROM ROAD DAMAGE.—Someone has succeeded in recovering damages arising from an accident caused by some defect in the roadway, and the people who have to pay are none other than the road authorities concerned. This is indeed good news for motorists if it means that in future those who look after roads will use their best endeavours to provide the most suitable surface for the traffic that uses it. It is really surprising how those in authority escape trouble in this direction, particularly around the district where I happen to live. Recently a main sewer has been laid in the district and the earth which had to be excavated has now been replaced. On certain roads long stretches have been tarmaced and so the surface is not too bad, but I should think almost 50 per cent. of the trenches and rectangular holes which were made by the workmen have not been properly resurfaced, so that the condition of the highways is dreadful. Before very long I feel certain that accidents will ensue, particularly to people in small cars or on motor-cycles. I can see no reason for the delay in restoring the highways to their previous condition and I should very much like to know why myself and other people who reside in or travel through this particular part of the world should be asked to incur the risks of accident which the present state of these roads creates.

THE LITTLE CAR FOR BIG PEOPLE: A Wolseley Hornet Four-Door Saloon, which seats four adults in perfect comfort. This picture was taken at Maxstoke Priory, Warwickshire

"CAMPBELL'S BLUE."—During his run from Southampton to London recently, Sir Malcolm Campbell's Rolls-Royce saloon was easily distinguishable by its peculiar shade of blue. It was, in fact, the same colour as that of the "Blue Bird" itself, and every car Sir Malcolm has owned for years past has been finished in this same shade, which is so much his own as to be known to the coachbuilders as "Campbell's blue." Sir Malcolm's car is a Continental touring saloon on the Phantom II chassis. It incorporates several special features which he himself has designed.

FOR THE BRITISH DELEGATES AT GENEVA: An imposing fleet of Humber Pullmans supplied by Rootes, Ltd. through the Foreign Office for the use of the British delegates to the Disarmament Conference. The cars are seen outside the British Consulate at Geneva

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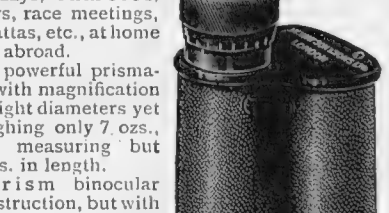

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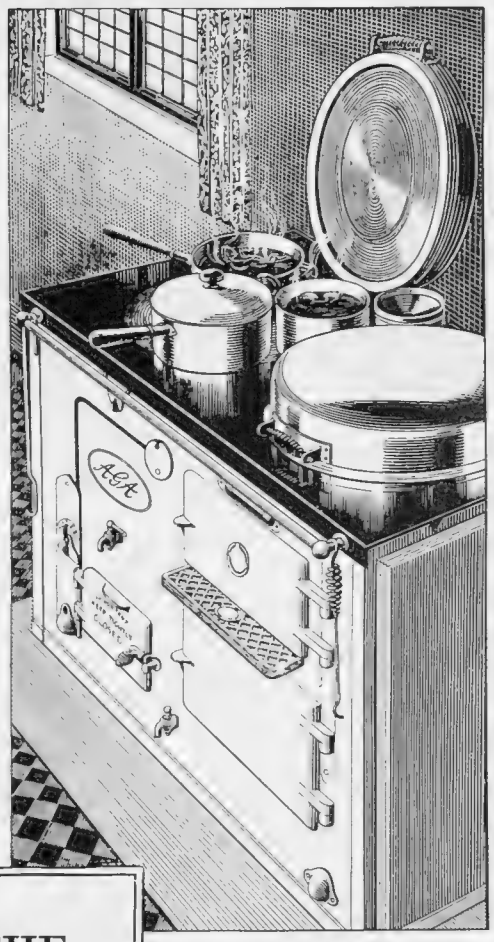

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THE EXTINCTION OF THE KOALA

Australia, that great haven of wild life, which was so long shut off from the rest of the world and its wild life that it developed its own curiosities of natural history, is in itself a life study for any field naturalist. But so many of these unique and interesting creatures have had to pay dearly for their peculiarities that the majority of Australia's own particular creatures are facing that inglorious end which is apparently the ideal of all ruthless collecting—extinction.

The koala is an imminent example. This charming little creature, a living replica of the Teddy Bear of the nursery, is now almost extinct in the wild save in a few scattered New South Wales haunts where the collector, for museum or zoo, cannot gain admittance. It is a question of conservation or extinction, and the way things are going, presumably the latter.

A close cousin of the kangaroo, i.e., a marsupial creature, the koala has never been an abundant creature in Australia and at all times was confined to the forests in the eastern part of the continent. It lives chiefly in the trees, progressing rather slowly upside down through the branches, being practically helpless on the ground, and going abroad chiefly at night. It spends the day asleep in some hollow, though it seems to enjoy going to sleep on some broad bough bathed in the sun's strong rays.

Koalas are generally found in pairs and feed on the leaves and shoots of the eucalyptus gum trees, or roots which they will dig up from the floor of the forest, storing their food, like the red squirrels of our English woodlands, in their cheek pockets. Most of the Australian phalangers or opossums (as they call their smaller marsupials) will vary their diet with animal nutriment, as worms and insects, but the koala, the largest of them and the only one without a tail, seems exclusively vegetarian. In colder times the koala will dig a hole in the ground, construct a nest inside, and there go to sleep till more favourable weather returns.

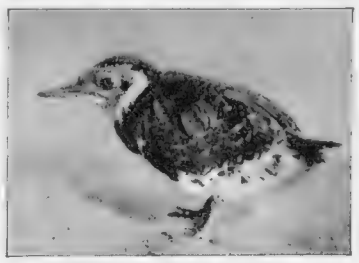
About two feet long, it has no tail but bears large squared and thickly fringed ears which it has the comical and amusing habit of frequently adjusting with its forepaws. The fur is extremely thick, woolly, and moderately soft, being brownish-grey above, yellowish-white on the hind quarters, and white below. It has a large naked nose, and big strong claws. These claws enable it to progress, sloth-like, suspended from the branches.

The illustration, of creatures in their native land and not in a zoo, is a charming and typical scene of Mrs. Koala with her baby on her back. When born, the young koala is about an inch long and is of course carried about in the mother's pouch. But at the age of eight months the babe becomes too big and heavy for the pouch and is, thereafter, carried pickaback by its mother. At the end of the first year it is nearly ten inches long and three pounds in weight, and in two or three years, when full grown, will be thirty inches long and as many pounds in weight.

The koala, which native Australians often call the tree bear, makes a cradle of its own long soft hair.

E. H.

KOALA—AND CHILD—AND FRIEND: A charming family group



A MASTER OF CAMOUFLAGE: A sooty tern which cannot be seen lying flat in a sand hollow

THE ROMANCE OF BIRD ISLAND

Ever since the habits of the wild life of the Gulf of Mexico have been observed, and no one knows for how long before, regularly towards the end of every April, a great colony of noddy and sooty terns has arrived at Bird Key, one of the islands of the Tortugas group. Here the birds live the vociferously busy life of the nesting season and then, early in September, the young birds having developed sufficient flying strength, the entire colony takes to wing for the southward return.

Eight "keys" or islands comprise the Tortugas group, Tortugas being a Spanish word for turtles. They are but low bars of shell and coral sand barely showing above water at high tide. They are uninhabited except for Loggerhead Key, on which the keeper of the lighthouse lives, and on which the marine laboratories of the Carnegie Institution of Washington are located. Although several of them are covered with vegetation, and offer, it would seem, a more agreeable breeding-place for the birds than the barren sand pit, a single acre in extent, to which they tenaciously cling, yet instinct, rigid and unadaptable as it is, holds them to the same islet to which, in past ages their progenitors, for reasons unknown, began to repair. Except for constriction of area and the stark nakedness of the island, the Tortugas area is well suited to the colony's needs inasmuch as destructive storms rarely visit the region during the nesting season, and food is there to be had to repletion.

A visit to the island is an experience never to be forgotten. As soon as one sets foot upon the island he becomes the centre of a great cloud of feathered inhabitants, the members of which swirl around him like bees, fill his ears with raucous cries of angry protests, strike at him with sharp beaks, and closely attend him wherever he goes, as though he were not to be trusted alone. And, indeed, from the standpoint of the birds, they are right, for it is impossible for one to walk about at will without crushing eggs under his feet, so close together are they, or, when hatched, without stepping on young chicks which sham death upon approach until they are touched, whereupon they take to their legs and scurry away.

If one remains quietly in one spot for a little time the din and confusion due to his presence dies down somewhat, and the birds resume their customary activities. It is then that he finds their behaviour to be highly entertaining. The nodding movements, characteristic of the noddy tern, for example, are positively ludicrous. Two birds will face each other, whereupon one bows its head almost to the ground, raises it quickly almost to vertical position, and then quickly lowers it. The other bird, the while, goes through a similar pantomime which both repeat over and over again with great rapidity and solemnity, and without making a sound. When a stranger bird of the same species alights near a group, he salutes those nearest, and in turn is saluted by each of them.

Among the thousands upon thousands of eggs, each deposited in a saucerlike depression in the sand (there is usually only one to a nest), and all apparently exactly alike, one wonders by what faculty the birds identify their own.

H. J. S.

A MANDARIN OF BIRD ISLAND: A young noddy tern

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

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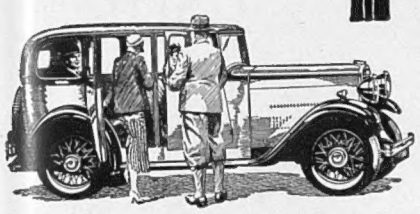

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NOTES AND NEWS

AN INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE ON DISTRIBUTION

The International Chamber of Commerce at their biennial meeting at Washington last year decided to establish an International Committee on "Distribution," which they have defined as "covering the various activities and processes involved between the production of goods in final form for use and their delivery to and acceptance by consumers." This country was invited to nominate a chairman of this important committee and the British branch of the International Chamber have invited Sir Francis Goodenough (and he has agreed) to accept the post.

This selection for the chairmanship of the committee dealing internationally with the whole field of marketing, is a natural sequel to his work as chairman of the Government Committee on "Education for Salesmanship." It is also an interesting prelude to the holding in London in the last week of July next, of the Fifth Triennial International Conference on Commercial Education because Sir Francis, as chairman of the British Association for Commercial Education, is responsible for the organizing of that Conference.

The Conference, which will be presided over by Sir David Milne-Watson, has been accorded the strongest possible support, alike by the Government, by the leading educational authorities, by representatives of the dominions and colonies, and by a large number of representative leaders of industry and commerce. The conference, moreover, has been fortunate in securing the support of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, as already announced, has agreed to become Royal Patron and to address the Conference at its concluding session on July 29. The vital problem of raising our ability to market the goods we are so competent to produce to the high level called for in the strenuously competitive conditions of to-day—a far higher level than has yet been contemplated by many of us—is, therefore, in a fair way to receive in growing measure the attention it deserves and demands.

A BIRMINGHAM RECORD

There are many engineering concerns in Birmingham. At least one, well-known doubtless for the product made, that has been established in Birmingham for the past seventy-five years, claims to have worked more continuously at "full time" than any other in the City. And that is a stirring claim in a city that is normally industrial—and industrious!

In the past ten years over 35,000 Motor Mowers have been built in this works and long before "Buy British" became a national slogan every part—every nut and bolt even, was built by British—mainly Birmingham—workmen. This year, a slump year be it remembered, the firm has budgeted for a considerably increased production—and Birmingham people do not gamble, so it looks as if Birmingham engineering is going to do more selling in 1932.

Incidentally, many readers who have seen the advertising of the Atco Motor Mower will recognize from the details given of this engineering concern, the manufacturers of this world-famous machine, and it may be news to many to know that Atco Motor Mowers are built in Joseph Chamberlain's city to-day!

NATION'S FOODS EXHIBITION, 1932, INAUGURAL LUNCHEON

Earl De La Warr, speaking on Wednesday, March 16, at the inaugural luncheon of the Nation's Foods Exhibition which is to be held at Olympia from May 21 to June 4 next under the auspices of the Greater London Grocers' Council, appealed for support of this exhibition which would be designed to demonstrate in a practical way to the general public and the distributive trade the variety and extent of the food resources of the Empire. Among other things, he said that the public had got it into its head that the farmer was old-fashioned and unenterprizing. The best way in which therefore both the Exhibition itself and the Press of this country could help home agriculture was to impress on the public the great efforts the farmer was making to utilize the opportunities which the present situation afforded. There was a real effort going on at the moment to increase agricultural production and to meet the demands of the distributor and consumer as regards quality and the way in which our produce reached the market. Greater benefits would come to the farmer through the townsman being told of this change that was now taking place in the countryside than through any other means.

The exhibition is the first All British and Empire National Grocery, Provision, and Allied Trades Exhibition to be held in the history of the trade. It has been organized to focus the attention of the British public upon the necessity of encouraging and developing to the utmost the resources of our own country and our Empire overseas; to provide employment, and to demonstrate the enterprise, skill, and craftsmanship of home and Empire producers, manufacturers, and merchants. The organization of the Nation's Foods Exhibition has been undertaken by the Greater London Grocers' Council representing the organized grocers of the Metropolis and adjacent towns and districts.

Every part of His Majesty's Overseas Dominions will send its contribution of food products, and the Exhibition when opened will portray "The British Empire under one Roof." The Empire Marketing Board, the Dominions of Canada and of New Zealand, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries are all co-operating by taking space, while the Home Manufacturers, Producers and Merchants are exhibiting their varied products as evidence of the enterprize of the Mother country.

"THE ANGLO-AMERICAN YEAR BOOK"

The 20th edition of this valuable volume contains, as usual, a great deal of useful information. The Commercial Directory of 8,500 names and addresses of the principal firms on both sides of the Atlantic engaged in Anglo-American trade is of great use to the business man, while the Anglo-American "Who's Who and Residential Directory"—giving the names of notable Britons in America and noted Americans over here—are of value in social life. The various Anglo-American institutions are listed and a special series of articles deals with all facets of inaugurating businesses in this country. Full statistics of British American trade—in 1931—showing the heavy fall in our exports are published through the courtesy of the U.S. Consulate-General. This valuable book has been reduced from 15s. to 10s. net.

ERRATUM

In a recent issue of THE SPHERE the name of Mr. George Vollaire, the distinguished actor, appeared, by a printer's error, as Mr. George Voltaire. We regret any inconvenience that may have been caused.

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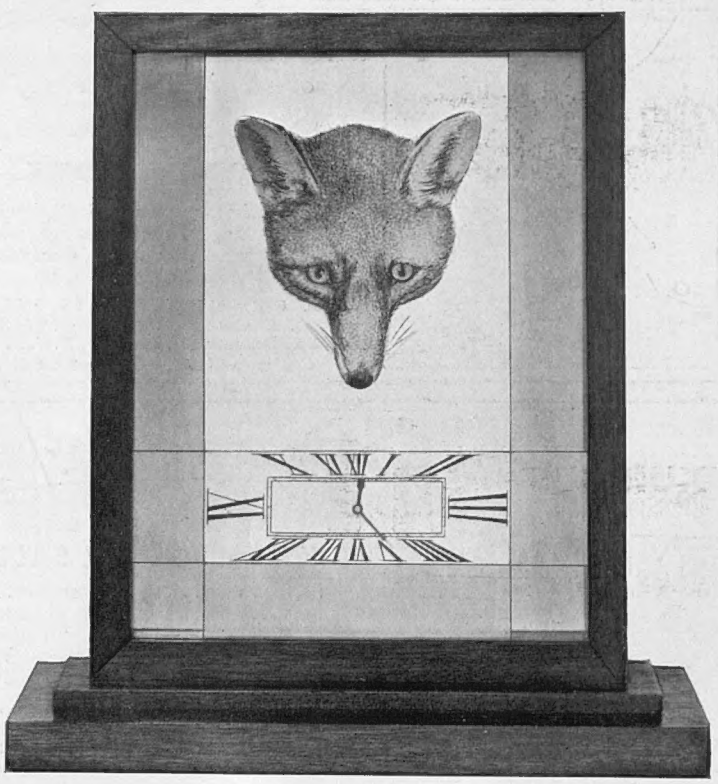

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Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	New Inn Hotel, Muddiford
Do.	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Bundoran (Co. Donegal)	The Hamilton Hotel
Bury St. Edmunds	Angel Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim)	Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere	Victoria Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Callander	Dreadnought Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Do.	Northdown Hall Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Exeter	New London Hotel
Do.	Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	Riverside Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey	Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Do.	Marine Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	Barrow House Hotel
Do.	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
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Do.	North Western Hotel
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Do.	The Towers Hotel
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Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lynmouth	Tors Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
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Malvern	British Camp Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Do.	The Lilybanks Hydro Hotel
Melrose	Abbey Hotel
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Porthcawl	Seabank Hotel
Portstewart (Co. Derry)	Carrig-Na-Cwle Hotel
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
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Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
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St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough	The Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Alden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
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Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
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